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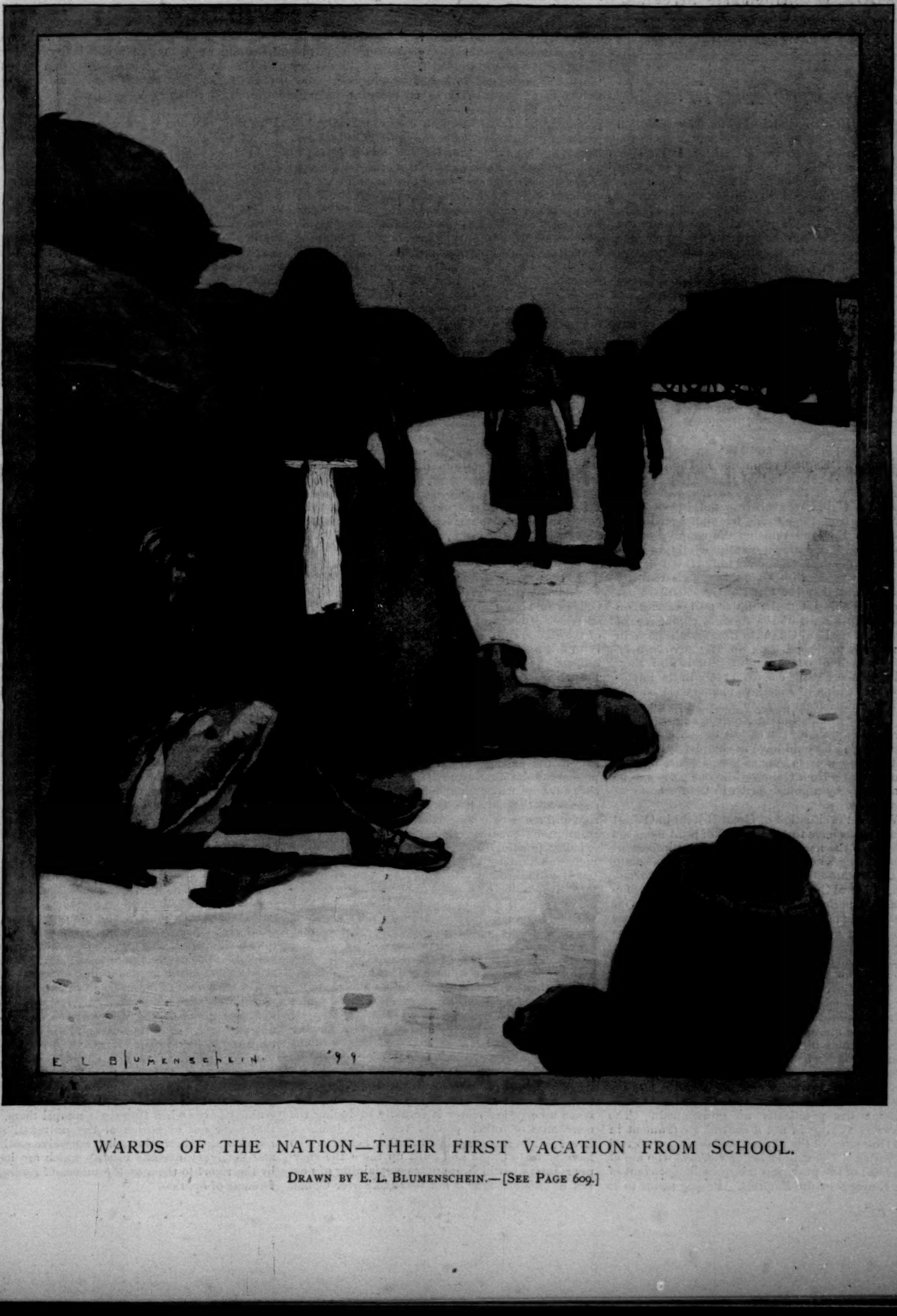

WARDS OF THE NATION—THEIR FIRST VACATION FROM SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN.—[SEE PAGE 609.]

# Harper's Weekly

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

New York City, June 17, 1899

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## *British Problems in Asia*

THERE is a good deal of food for reflection on the part of American politicians in the British situation in China. At the very outset of what we have to say on this subject, and on account of the strong side-light which it throws upon our own problem in the Philippines, we remind the readers of Harper's Weekly that this journal has always suggested that the enthusiastic approval with which the schemes and dreams of our expansionists have been received in London is born of a strong desire, instinctive or deliberate, for American assistance when the struggle comes, if come it must, between commercial England and military Russia, for the control of the splendid prize now in the feeble grasp of what many regard as an apparently dying race. Now it ought also to be borne in mind that if we finally retain the Philippines as an American colony, we shall doubtless be the first to find an alliance with Great Britain essential to the protection of our own interests in the Pacific—an alliance which will involve us in any war which may result from the clashing of Russian imperial designs and the necessities and aspirations of English commerce in China. Still another consideration is that if we are to engage with England in the defence of her commercial interests in China, we shall reap nothing of great importance from the possible triumph over Russia so long as England remains the country of the "open door" and we persist in continuing the country of the door "slammed to." It is true that our cottons trade with China has been recently growing, and that the trade of Great Britain has been diminishing, but the latter still carries on sixty-four per cent. of the foreign commerce of China; and, as Lord Charles Beresford shows in his recently published book on *The Break-up of China*, much of our apparent gain is also England's, for these gains consist largely in the importation into China of American-made goods, bought by the Chinese from English merchants, and carried to their destination in English ships. Moreover, that is probably the easiest task of commerce which England would have in completely turning the tables upon us so long as her ports are open to return cargoes from China, while our ports can be opened only by a golden bribe in the form of customs duties.

What is the situation of Great Britain in China? Recent books have thrown a flood of light upon the problem of the near future that is most important to the three greatest powers of Europe. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun's book on *China in Transformation*, and Lord Charles Beresford's book mentioned above, perfectly supplement each other. One presents the problem with an instructive and even astonishing account of the possibilities of China in commerce, in industry, in manufacturing, in agriculture, and in mining. The later work deals more directly with the problem as it presents itself to the British merchant and ship-owner. By both we are forced to the conclusion that the problem in China is political, and that it must be solved, in one way or another, by government. The British merchant finds himself at a standstill. He is not even holding his own. He is face to face with two ominous conditions—or conditions which seem to him to be ominous—the anarchy of China and the advance of Russia.

China has practically no government. The power at Peking is not a central government in the true sense of the phrase, because it has no real authority. The mandarins or viceroys who are at the head of the provinces are quasi-independent of the Emperor or the Empress. Peking seems to be merely a centre for the collection of tribute. No one who understands China seems to imagine that the imperial authorities have any patriotic interest in the country which they nominally rule, while as for the viceroys and the officers under them, they follow the example of their superiors, and make their positions opportunities for plundering the Chinese and the foreign exploiters of China. Lord Beresford dwells upon the fact that the Chinese government does not afford sufficient protection to trade and commerce for the preservation or maintenance of the present commercial and industrial status, much less for guaranteeing security to enterprise by reason of which both British interests and China herself would greatly benefit. Besides, China constantly violates her treaty agreements with Great Britain, especially those which are intended for the protection of proprietary interests. Chinese investors in British corporations are absolved from the fulfilment of their obligations by Chinese judges, and the provincial mandarins and other local authorities are not prevented from imposing taxes upon goods in transit, contrary to the provisions of the Tien-tsin treaty which was negotiated by Lord Elgin in 1858. The British merchant is carrying on trade in a country whose government apparently exercises every predatory power against him except the extreme power of confiscation. Seemingly it is only from official and complete plunder that British prestige and influence are able to protect him.

Bad as are the conditions of carrying on trade in China under the existing state of affairs, the British merchant dreads to exchange the rule of China for the rule of Russia. And Russia is undoubtedly pressing slowly downwards into the Chinese Empire with her enormous military power. Manchuria has been practically transformed into a Russian province, and Port Arthur is fast becoming one of the most strongly fortified arsenals in the world. The British merchants in China doubt the pacific purposes of the Tsar, and have no doubt whatever as to the warlike purposes of the men who really govern Russia. They believe that Russia intends to capture the rich Chinese Empire, and to hold and govern it for the benefit of Russia and the Russians. They believe that under Russian rule British trade would be discriminated against, and that British merchants who have invested their capital in China, under a pledge of protection from their government at home—which, they think, is now criminally overlooking them, leaving them the present prey of anarchical China and the prospective prey of absolute and despotic Russia—will be driven out of the country, their enormous interests sacrificed, and the British Empire itself shorn and disgraced.

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HERE, in brief, is the British-Chinese problem. It is political and threatening. Probably a firmer policy on the part of the British Foreign Office would have solved it peacefully long ago. The successes of Germany and France, especially that of the latter, show clearly that China yields readily to firmness. The French merchants have been relieved, by the strength and consistency of the French government, of some of the most odious of the arbitrary exactions which the British merchants continue to suffer. Possibly it is not now too late for the British government to force China to become a practical vassal, and to permit Europeans to preserve the integrity of Chinese rule at the expense of surrendering the power to preserve order to European officers. Then Russia's advance will undoubtedly be checked, for the success of that advance is absolutely due to Russian influence over the existing Chinese government in its existing circumstances, and with the existing practical anarchy throughout the provinces—an anarchy which pervades the military and naval establishments themselves. The other alternative, which may cease to be an alternative in a few years, is a firm hand with Russia, and that will undoubtedly involve at least the danger of war. If China actually breaks up, whether that event means the complete triumph of Russia, or the establishment of Russian, British, German, and French "spheres of influence," Great Britain has vested interests in China to maintain—interests which have been established under the promise of protection by British political power. Will Great Britain go to war for her commercial interests? It is not necessary for us to inquire whether commerce, in this age of free intercourse between nations, is worth a war; whether the awful tragedy of war is excusable for the maintenance of a monopoly of trade at a time when no civilized power is actually excluding the merchants of other powers from her domains. Great Britain owes certain duties to her citizens who have gone to China and built up there the enormous interests which are now complaining of neglect at home. War is not inevitable over China, but it is well within the possibilities; and if war comes, the whole of England will doubtless contentedly and gladly suffer, not only for the Englishmen whose pecuniary interests are assailed, but for the maintenance of English honor and English prestige. The question for us is whether we shall join in the struggle, not for the maintenance of interests of comparatively little value or for the vindication of honor unassailed, but for the something vague in the future, something problematical; the result of the contest, so far as Americans at home are concerned, being principally a radical change in our institutions, which, as they exist, have made the American citizen what he is, for the replacement of all of which we have been proud by a burdensome militarism, and by a strong central power which will gradually and inevitably make the government more and more and the individual less and less? These are the reflections which are suggested to us by the British situation in China, and by our own uncertain problem in the Philippines. This is a consideration, we think, that is worthy of serious thought by the administration when the time comes—a time that should have come long ago—for a final decision on this subject.

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PUBLIC opinion is going to influence the action of the Peace Conference at the Hague to a greater extent than the diplomats of the Continent have imagined. We say "have imagined" advisedly, for there has already been seen an important change in the opinions of the cynics. It was at first supposed that the "international prayer-meeting" would perfunctorily, but politely, echo the hopes and aspirations of the good people who have taken fire at the Tsar's suggestion, finding that the cause of peace was their own. It is now understood that the people are inclined to make certain demands, and there is a natural disposition to yield to the demands. "The people," of course, in this instance, as in most others, are those who are most insistent, those who make the noise; but if the noise is intelligently made, or if it is the result of a moral sentiment that has been awakened by reflection, or by outrage, or by any substantial cause whatever, it is very likely to find a response from the millions whose instincts are righteous, but who must have their thinking done for them. No men understand this better than the shrewd politicians who manage the public affairs of Europe. For some reason the public sentiment of Europe has been awakened to the enormity of the offence of seizing private property upon the high seas in time of war, the crime of pillage on land having long since been abandoned, and it is more than probable that the conference will adopt a recommendation on this subject similar to that urged last winter upon the President by the New York Chamber of Commerce. Switzerland has openly proposed the adoption of such a recommendation, and President Loubet approves of it. As the United States and Great Britain are likely to agree with Switzerland and France, it is, as we have said, more than probable that the conference will adopt a resolution against sea raids on commerce, and this recommendation is likely eventually, possibly at an early day, to receive the formal assent of the powers and to become a part of international law.

The gradual disappearance of the private citizen and his property from the field of war, except as he and it are immediately affected by the actual physical presence of troops and battles, is an interesting and important fact in view of this conference. Time was when there was recognized such a thing as private war; and the theory still exists, becoming gradually more restricted, and likely eventually to disappear entirely from the authorities, that in a state of war the citizens of the warring powers are mutually and individually the enemies of one another. But, like some old theological doctrines of the more hateful kind, there is more theory than substance in the proposition, and citizens of an enemy's country often find life in the hostile jurisdiction quite safe, and occasionally agreeable. Not long ago an American citizen narrated in one of the magazines his own experiences while on a visit of business to Spain during our recent war with that country. He was known, and perhaps suspected and disliked, but he was not molested. And so it is everywhere, and will continue to be even in a larger and more generous way than it has been. The truth is that wars are the business of governments engaged in them, and very often not at all the business of the people. They will continue to be the affairs of governments even when the people compel them, until they wear out by reason of the universal recognition of their barbarism, their excessive costliness, and the ignorance and crudity which are implied by the resort to them as the means of settling differences of opinion.

# THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

IT has come to the knowledge of the Weekly that sundry Methodist parsons have lately discovered profane language in Miss Wilkins's *Jerome*, and have felt constrained on that account to use their influence to restrain young persons from reading that story. There are characters in the tale who garnish their language with "damns," and Miss Wilkins has reported them faithfully, their expletives being fully set forth in type. Now "damn" is not polite language, and though a good many worthy persons find the word convenient for occasional use, it is very generally recognized that indulgence in swear words is inexpedient at least, and should be either eschewed altogether or carefully regulated and limited. But to damn a book as unfit for the young because there are swear words in its dialogue seems an extreme measure. It is highly improbable that Miss Wilkins swears herself, or approves of swearing, for somehow almost all ladies get along without swearing, thereby setting an excellent example to the other sex. But in Miss Wilkins's book there are good men who use strong language under stress of strong emotion, and coarse men who use it without much warrant. She has made them speak as such men do speak, and as a faithful artist she was entirely justified in doing so. If the esteemed Methodist brethren condemn the book on that account, they show themselves to be narrow-minded persons. Parsons, as a rule, do not swear, though the Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, lately rivalled the laity in the vigor with which he damned the Sultan. But they use very strong language when the exigencies of their profession call for it, and they should not seek to inhibit Miss Wilkins from the same privilege under analogous circumstances. The morality of Miss Wilkins's books has never been challenged. They would not be truer or better books if the characters in them never said "damn," nor would they be any better reading for the young if the "damns" in them were printed "d——n" instead of being spelled out.

NOT long ago there was an allusion in the Weekly to the poem about Carcassonne, and the French peasant who hoped all his life to see it. The allusion called out an inquiry as to the author and translators of the verses, and it turned out that the best-known translation was one by John R. Thompson, who was formerly a member of the staff of the New York *Evening Post*. A portrait of this same gentleman and poet was unveiled last Monday, June 12, in the public hall of the University of Virginia. The university made an occasion of the unveiling. The portrait, which is said to be admirable, is the gift of Mrs. Andrews, the artist who painted it. It was formally presented, and accepted in behalf of the university, and among several addresses made was one by Mr. W. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, who gave an account of Mr. Thompson's life.

Mr. Thompson, albeit he is not as well known to-day as he deserves to be, was a distinguished man of letters of the generation preceding ours. He was a graduate of the university which has just honored him. For years before the civil war he was editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a post that brought him into relations with many literary men of that day, and made him the intimate friend and helper of Edgar A. Poe.

When the war broke out he went to London to be the leader-writer of the *Index*, the official organ of the Confederacy in London. On his return, in 1866, he came to New York and joined the staff of the *Post*, a connection which continued until his death in 1873. During those years he was often a contributor to Harper's Weekly, and to Harper's Magazine as well. Mr. McCabe says he wrote a great deal of good verse for the magazines of his day, and regrets that these poems have never been collected. He had many friends among the editors, writers, and publishers of New York, when he lived here, and some very warm ones in Franklin Square. In England, too, where Thackeray, Macaulay, Dickens, and Bulwer were among his friends, he had a large acquaintance with people worth knowing. Most of his writing was of the fugitive sort, which, though it may make excellent reading, does not make books, and for that reason it is the more gratifying that this portrait of him should hang where it does, and help to keep the memory of him alive.

THE President will need to draw heavily on private sources of consolation to comfort himself for having signed the recent civil service order, for certainly the comment which is being made upon the matter by the newspapers and men that have been used to sustain his acts is not adapted to buttress his self-approval. The open advocates of the spoils system of politics are pleased with the order, and say so; but the friends of civil service reform are nearly unanimous in deploring it. In a statement issued on June 5 by the National Civil Service Reform League it is estimated that the order withdraws from the classified service not about 4000 offices, as was at first supposed, but more than 10,000. It is hardly pretended anywhere that there is any better reason for turning over most of these offices to the spoilsmen than that the spoilsmen want them. The New York *Tribune* comments gingerly on the new rules, but with unmistakable traces of regret and apprehension in its accents. Hoping that the new rules will bear good fruit, it finds "too much reason to fear that the final verdict will be that the tree was bad." The Chicago *Times-Herald*, a journal very devoted to the President, wails right out in meeting, and declares that the order for which the politicians have been begging for a year has been received with sorrow by the true friends of the administration, and with unalloyed joy by every spoilsman throughout the republic. "The President," it says, "has mistaken the buzzing of the politicians in Washington for the wish of the people."

SUCH negro leaders as Booker T. Washington and T. Thomas Fortune do not advise their brethren to meet violence with violence in the South. Mr. Fortune insists that the lawless men in the South are not the black men, but the poor white men, and he says he is willing to contribute a dollar a year towards the elevation of the poor whites. Mr. Fortune's appeal in behalf of the Southern negro is an appeal to law, and practically it is an appeal to public opinion in the South itself; for if the white men of the South, the natural leaders, are not able to put down lynching, it is likely to go on.

But let us examine Mr. Fortune's assertion that the lawless men in the South are not the negroes, but the poor whites. There is obviously this much truth in it, that the lynching is done by whites, and not by blacks. But crime is lawless as well as lynching, and the excuse made for lynching is that there is a stronger tendency at present towards violent, outrageous crimes, like murder and rape, among the present younger generation of Southern negroes than can be restrained by legal process. Lynching is rarely defended as being right, but it is sometimes extenuated as being necessary.

AN idea of how some Southern white men regard some Southern negroes may be had from this extract from a recent letter from a Southern correspondent:

> I do believe (though how can I prove it?) that you have been misled into the publication of a statement that four-fifths of the lynchings in the South during the past year were for crimes other than rape or attempted rape. Lynchings for rape are so lamentably numerous that, if I were to admit that they constitute only one-fifth of the total number, I must confidently expect to see a dead negro hanging at every country cross-road. I simply cannot believe it, and I regret that you should.
>
> My opinions on the negro question have been formed from personal observation. My grandfather was the owner of many negroes, and I know all of his servants who are now living. I know some of them well. My dry-goods bill last month was divided between my wife's purchases and those for the benefit of an old woman who was my mother's "mammy." I sat up many a night at the bedside of my own nurse, and helped bury her, but I would see the *children* of either of these a long way into trouble before I would lift a hand. Why? Because the utter corruption, degradation, filth, loathsomeness of this generation of negroes is the scourge of the South.

That is very strong language. It was not written to be printed, and perhaps it is not quite fair to print it. But it has its value as expressing one phase of Southern opinion. It is evident that this writer, though he speaks so harshly of negroes, does not hate a black man because he is black. His objections to him are based on conduct. He believes that the Southern negroes of the rising generation are worthless—not *all* worthless, of course, but very many of them. He explains his sentiments by telling of individual cases of worthlessness, degradation, and crime that have come to his notice. He says further in his letter, after telling about a bad negro who was hanged for rape by due process of law, and after making a written confession, "We deal so patiently with these creatures, in view of the temptations to do otherwise, that it *hurts* us to be misunderstood."

That is the same cry that found expression in an extract from a Georgia woman's letter printed in the Weekly last week. She too insisted that the situation in the South is not understood in the North, and that it drives Southern white people desperate to be criticised and preached to and condemned by Northern critics who do not understand whereof they speak.

Practically the Northern papers preach about the same doctrine as to lynching as the best of the Southern papers do, but they fail to preach it acceptably to the South. Perhaps the reason is partly because they preach from knowledge that is not, and cannot be, familiar and comprehensive.

INCIDENTS come often to notice which show a determination among the law-abiding Southern whites to stand between their more impetuous brethren and the negroes. The determined attitude of the Governor of Georgia towards the White Caps of Griffin, Georgia, who lately undertook to drive the negro mill-hands out of town, is an encouraging case in point, and a fine example to the Governor of Illinois and sundry folks in that State. So was the verdict given on the 5th of May in Louisville in the case of Dinning against Moore and others. That case was widely noticed in the newspapers last month. The story of it, as told by a correspondent of the Weekly, is that Dinning, a negro farmer, with twelve children, who lived in Simpson County, Kentucky, was roused in the night of January 21, 1897, by a gang of white men led by Moore, who accused him of stealing chickens, and warned him to leave within ten days. He said he had stolen nothing, and would not go. He then exchanged shots with the regulators and killed one of them. He escaped to the woods, and next day gave himself up to the sheriff. He was tried at Louisville, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Public opinion did not approve the sentence, and the Governor promptly pardoned him. He then went to Colonel B. H. Young, a Confederate veteran, and Mr. St. John Boyle, son of General Boyle, a Federal soldier. They brought suit for him against seven of his assailants for trespass, asking $50,000 damages. The case was tried, and the jury brought in a verdict for the whole sum asked for. "The most despicable of men," said Colonel Young, in his address to the jury, "is one who would impose upon another because his skin is black, and the conduct of these marauders shows them to be as cowardly as they are ignoble."

Of course to get a verdict of $50,000 against seven night-riding scalawags is not quite the same thing as getting the money, but still the verdict is a credit to Kentucky, and an honor to the lawyers who undertook the negro's cause. In Kentucky the whites outnumber the negroes six to one, a condition much more favorable to peaceful relations between the two races than that which obtains in the States farther South. In Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina there are more negroes than whites. In Alabama, Georgia, and Florida there are nearly as many blacks as whites.

THAT Columbia University should make an LL.D. of Governor Roosevelt was highly appropriate. Harvard used to confer its LL.D. on every Governor of Massachusetts in turn, but it found when General Butler's turn came that it was inconvenient to be bound by a fixed custom, and ever since it has used discrimination, giving its highest honorary degree only to such Governors as it especially desired to honor.

Columbia has not made Roosevelt a Doctor of Laws because he is Governor of New York, but because he is Theodore Roosevelt—a learned man already, and one whose mind being still open and active, and his industry continuous, keeps learning more all the time, and is likely to live to be very wise.

It further honored itself by conferring the same degree on Mr. Carl Schurz, a man of such noted attainments and of so profuse an experience of high distinction that to give him a new handle to his name is a little like painting the lily. That, however, is not a practical criticism, since every wise man must welcome every new token of the esteem in which he is held by his discriminating brethren.

There seems to have been abundant room for Doctor Schurz and Doctor Roosevelt on the same platform at Columbia, which helps to show what a great-minded people we are, and how many diverse phases of energy we can appreciate and assimilate.

THE H. C. Bunner gold medal, awarded in Columbia College this year for the first time, will go to Charles H. Tuttle, '99. Mr. Tuttle gets it in consideration of having written "the best essay on an assigned subject taken from the history of American literature." Professor Brander Matthews says it is the first prize ever instituted in an American university specially for work in American literature. The subject this year was "Daniel Webster as an Orator."

The model for this medal was lately finished by Mr. Charles Y. Harvey, of New York, a pupil of St. Gaudens. On one side is the king's crown of old King's College, and on the other a kneeling youth, unclad, turning the pages of a book. Men who are wise about medals say that this is a very good one, and praise Mr. Harvey's work.

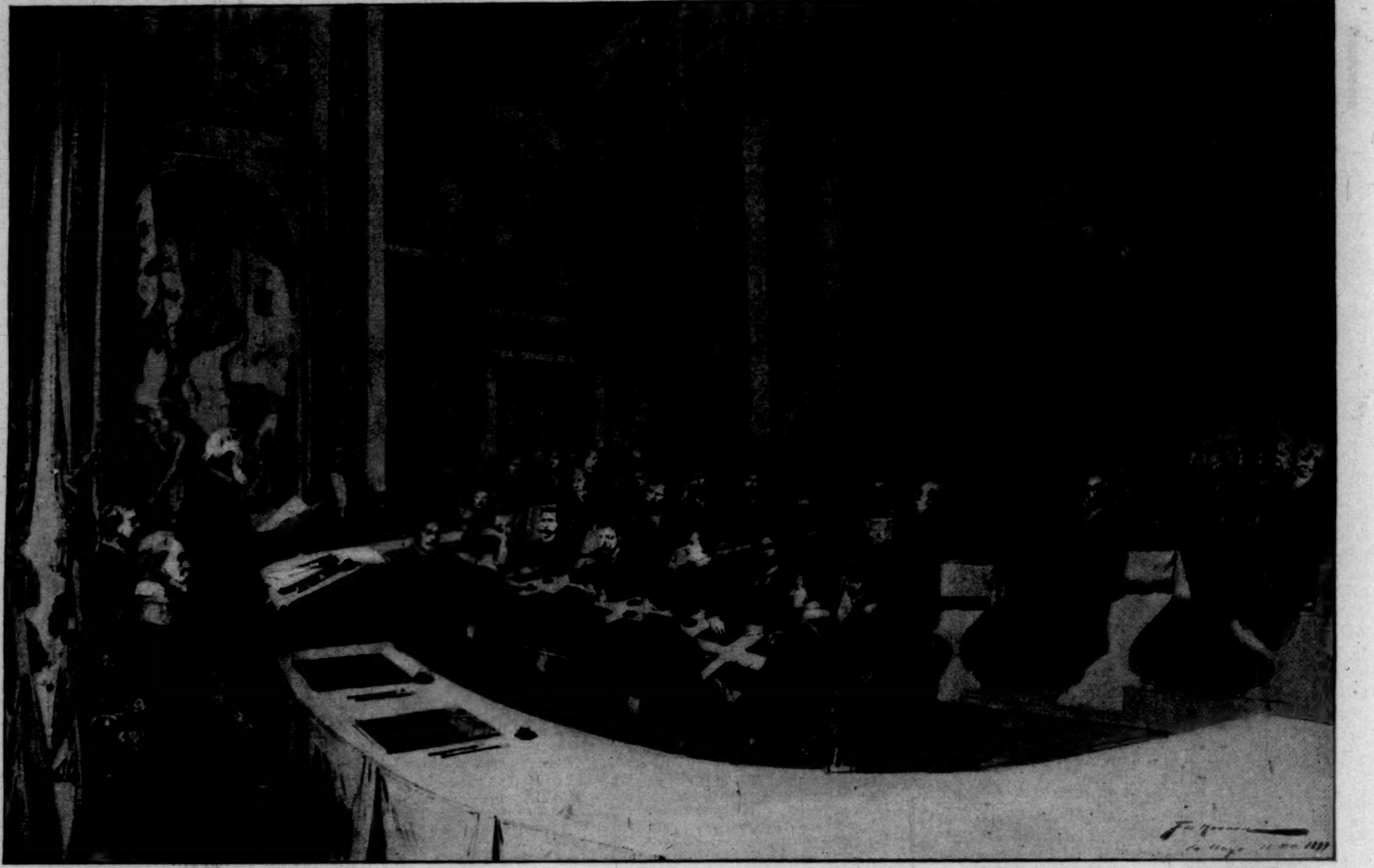
THERE is a prospect that the colleges will commence their new year with a tolerably full equipment of Presidents. Yale has made satisfactory provision for herself; Brown at this writing hopes for Dr. Faunce; and it is reported that Amherst, through her committee, has determined to send a call to Dr. George Harris, Professor of Theology in the Andover Seminary, and President of its faculty.

Dr. Harris is a native of Maine, where he was born in 1844, and was graduated at Amherst in 1866.

IT was stated in the Weekly some weeks since, on the strength of current information gleaned from the newspapers, that Union College was in more straitened circumstances than usual. This is denied by a reader of the Weekly, who reports, on the authority of President Raymond, that the college is in exceptionally good financial condition, expects to close the year without debt, and hopes to have within another year $250,000 to its credit.

THE Lieutenant Miles whose exploit in the fight at Santa Ana, near Manila, is done into verse by Mr. Scollard on another page of this issue of the Weekly, is Lieutenant Perry L. Miles, of the Fourteenth Infantry—a young officer about four years out of West Point. Of him it is told, by a correspondent of the *Sun*, that, being ordered by his battalion chief to take a block-house crammed with insurgents, he called for volunteers, and got five. With these he made a dash. Three of his men fell on the way, but with the other two he reached the block-house, the last Filipino retiring by the back door as he came in at the front. He has been recommended for a medal of honor.

THE *Sportsman* (London) of May 23 gives the score of a game of cricket between Mr. E. A. Abbey's team of twelve artists and the Allahakbarrie team, composed of Mr. J. M. Barrie, captain, and eleven others. Mr. Abbey was so fortunate as to include in his aggregation Mr. G. H. Swinstead, who scored 106 runs. Profiting by this gentleman's efficiency, Mr. Abbey's team scored a total of 141 as against 134 for the Allahakbarries. Mr. Abbey personally accumulated 6 runs; Mr. Barrie, 3. Mr. E. W. Hornung, of the Allahakbarries, transmitted the score to this country. Neither Mr. Sargeant nor Mr. Boughton appears among the players, the former doubtless feeling cricket to be an unsuitable relaxation for a gentleman who had so recently read his own obituaries.


Baron de Staal,
Premier Delegate of Russia, President.
M. de Beaufort, Delegate of Holland, Honorary President.
M. Hoeuft van Velsen.
Count de Munster.
Count de Welsenheim.
Vice-Admiral Pephan.

OPENING SESSION OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE IN THE ORANGE ROOM, PALAIS DU BOIS, NEAR THE HAGUE.

## *John Barrett*

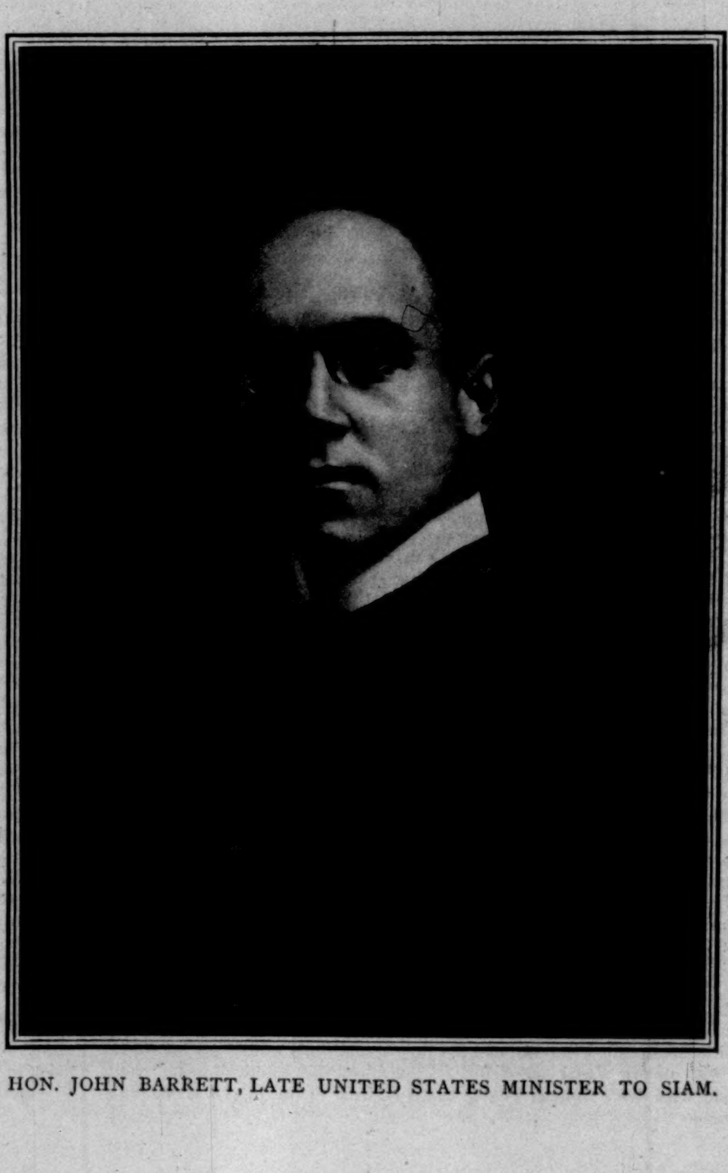
"I AM still a student, not a professor of Asiatic peoples and politics," Mr. Barrett said, in an address on the Philippine Islands and America's interests in the Far East, which he delivered before the Shanghai General Chamber of Commerce on the 12th of January. But one who has the full text of the address in his hands soon discovers that this is the work of a man qualified to give instruction in portions of the subject which he has made his specialty. And, as might be supposed, his attainments have received prompt recognition. On his arrival in America recently, after a residence of five years in eastern Asia, he was requested by the New York Chamber of Commerce to speak to that body on America's interests in the Far East, which engagement he fulfilled on June 1. Other addresses followed, by invitation of prominent organizations in Chicago and elsewhere.

The interest of the message which he brings to the people of this country is easily explained: he holds his convictions so strongly and expresses them so vigorously, with the courage to insist upon the points he makes, and if necessary *frapper fort*, that the effect is almost dramatic; he pushes back still farther the horizon of our politics and our commerce, which recent events have so vastly widened; he realizes not only an enormously profitable trade with the Philippines, but still greater opportunities in China. As for our new possessions, he says that if he were asked what is "the first great desideratum for American success in the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Cuba, he would reply unhesitatingly, and yet deliberately, *men*. Given first an act of Congress providing for a special civil service for such possessions, out of which politics will be barred and bolted; then given, secondly, men of quality and integrity—for we have plenty of them—to fill the necessary positions, and the problem of American government or control of the islands will be forever solved." Manila, he thinks, may prove a worthy rival of Singapore, Hong-kong, Shanghai, and Yokohama in the vast commercial exchanges of the Far East—may in the near future have a foreign trade of $100,000,000, and when once she is fairly in the running with her neighbors, under American impetus and training, reach out and control $150,000,000 to $200,000,000. The archipelago, as a whole, he commends in these terms: "I am prepared to state, and prove if questioned, that a richer isolated land, or group of islands, viewed comparatively as to area and population, variety of agricultural, mineral, and forest resources undeveloped, as well as those already improved, cannot be found on this globe." The dangers of the tropical climate are, in his opinion, grossly exaggerated. "The man or woman," he says, "who takes good care of himself or herself is as safe in Manila as in London or New York."

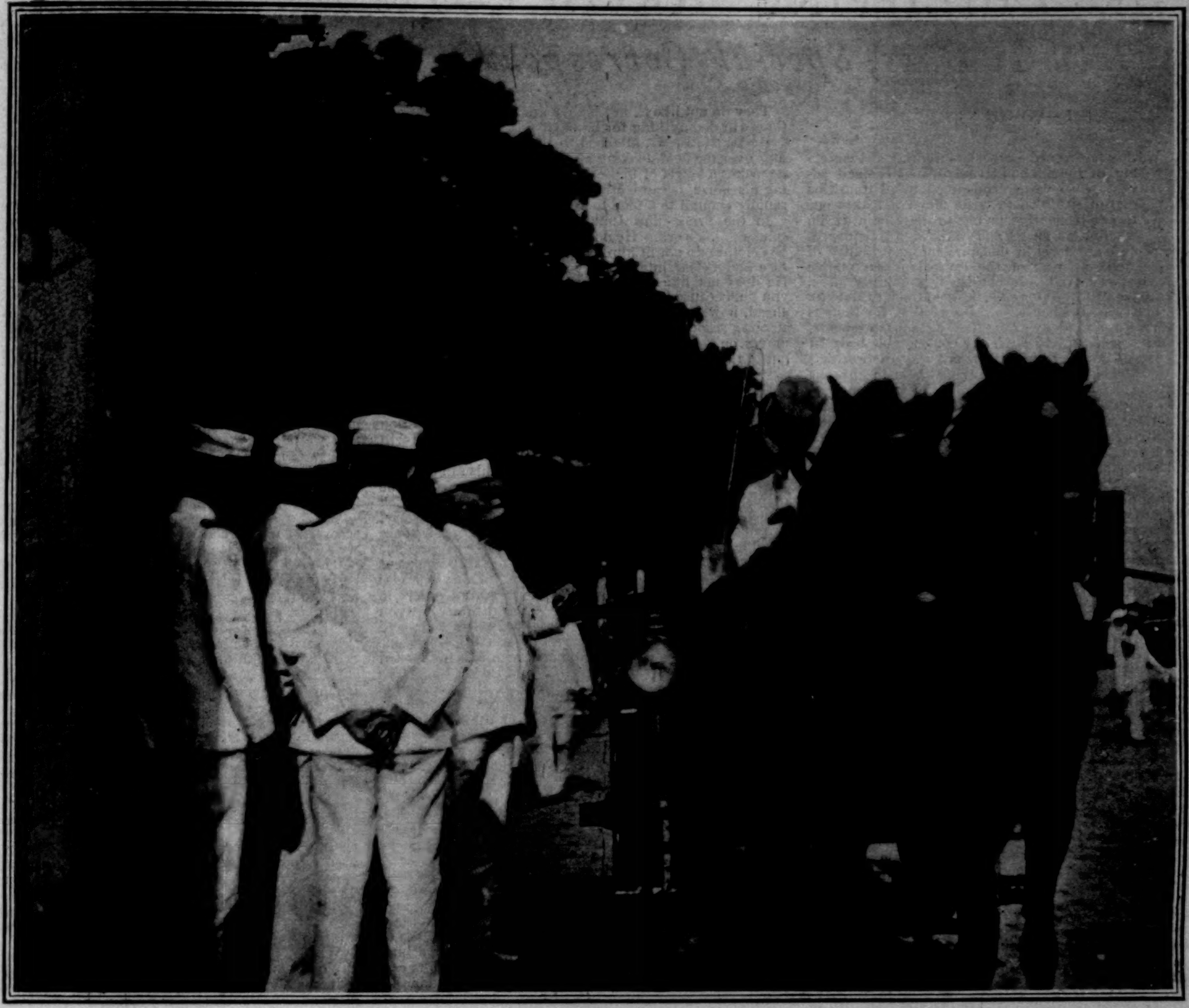
Approaching the subject from another side, Mr. Barrett contends that the United States may not surrender her control of the Philippines altogether without being guilty of flagrant disregard of her best interests, in consequence of which she will in all probability fail to command the position in the Pacific and China to which she is now entitled. There is no question in his mind that after the first few years we shall find the Philippines a permanent paying investment, not only in themselves, but in the consequent increased trade throughout the entire Pacific, where, if we hold the islands, we shall be always first and paramount, but where, if we surrender them, we may come trailing along forever behind Great Britain, Russia, Japan, and even Germany. But even if we would make this sacrifice, he thinks and plainly says we could not and cannot; for, "after this awakening to an appreciation of what the Far East affords, there can be no retreat from a greater participation in its trade and politics, whether the United States shall hold the Philippines in whole or in part. The paramount interests of awakened commerce will insist on a forward movement and the following of such a policy as will best subserve American interests in the vast field concerned." Such a very forcible statement is surely to be construed as referring to peaceful commercial conquests. Mr. Barrett does not serve notice on all persons who think there may be other controlling motives than those of commercial advantage that they may as well Orientalize themselves at one stroke by performing *hara-kiri!*

Mr. Barrett is a native of Grafton, Vermont, and a graduate of Dartmouth College. During his course at Dartmouth he made an extended trip through the South, writing articles on what he termed the "New South," from the standpoint of a Yankee, for a syndicate of Northern newspapers, and thus did much to create a favorable opinion of the South in certain sections of the New England and Northern States. After graduation he was led to take up his residence first in San Francisco and later in Portland, Oregon, by his conviction that the opportunities for young men were uncommonly good in that section. From the first he has been a strong believer in the future of the Pacific States, especially in the development of their Pacific and Asiatic commerce. In 1894 he was appointed by President Cleveland to the position of minister to Siam, being at that time barely twenty-seven years of age, and the youngest minister in the American foreign service. In addition to the duty of preserving his health under climatic conditions which we must persist in thinking usually somewhat unfavorable, Mr. Barrett was called upon to exert himself in the settlement of the Cheek case, which he finally brought to arbitration. During his stay in Siam he made repeated visits to China, Japan, Korea, Siberia, Indo-China, Straits Settlements, Java, and the Philippines; and after leaving his post in March, 1898, he went directly to Manila by permission of Admiral Dewey. In November and December he visited to China and Japan, but, returning to Manila, was a spectator of the revolt until the middle of March.

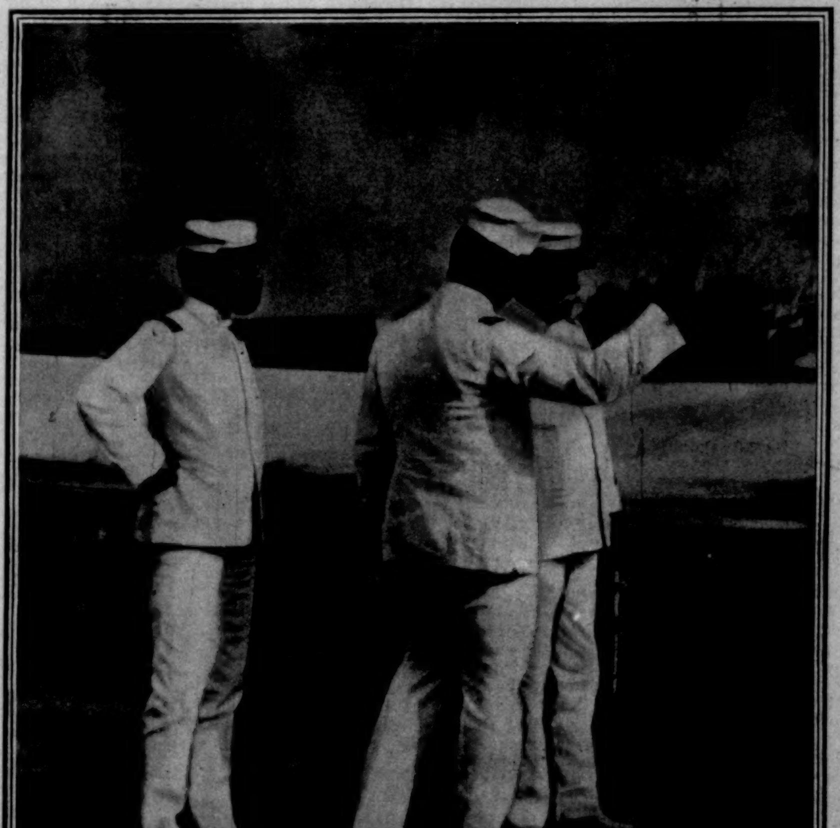
M. W.



HON. JOHN BARRETT, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SIAM.



ADMIRAL DEWEY GOES FOR A DRIVE AROUND MANILA.



ADMIRAL DEWEY AT THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE PORT, MANILA.

DAKOTA AND MONTANA TROOPS CROSSING WRECKED BRIDGE OVER THE RIO GRANDE.

THE PHILIPPINES—ADMIRAL DEWEY ASHORE IN MANILA, AND THE SCENE OF GENERAL FUNSTON'S MOST DARING EXPLOIT.

Photographs by William Dinwiddie, Special Photographer for "Harper's Weekly" in the Islands.

# THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*The Malolos Campaign*

## *By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"*

### I.—COMMENTS

MANILA, *April 4*.

A WEEK has passed—a week of fighting and marching, of jungles and rivers, of incident and adventure so varied and of so rapid transition that to sit down to write about it makes one feel as if he were trying to describe a dream where time, space, and all the logical sequences of ordinary life are upset in the unrelenting brutality of war. The military part of the campaign was simple enough to understand. It consisted practically of a straight move forward along the railroad track to Malolos. The real interest does not lie in this direction, for there is little to record of strategy in the past week's movements, unless it be our failure to catch any considerable body of insurgents, and our rather cumbersome way of brushing the enemy aside, instead of cornering them in any one place, there to force an issue. The fighting was, barring a few well-defined exceptions, a long-range conflict with the rear-guard of the enemy, in which Mausers showed their superiority over Springfields. General McArthur himself acknowledged that the battle of February 5 was a regimental commander's fight. The campaign to Malolos was not a regimental commander's fight, and the result has been disappointing, probably because a well-planned, slowly moving battle-line directed as if to meet a well-trained enemy is not successful against a guerilla enemy who simply moves out of the way. In order to make such a campaign successful it would be necessary to have enough troops to occupy every town of importance in the islands—say, 100,000 men.

At the beginning of each day's advance the battle formation was perfect. Our long line, connected throughout, advanced with the precision of clock-work, but it never got a fair knock-down fight out of the enemy. Of course it is a question whether it is possible to corner a Filipino force in such a rough country, with our men heavily loaded down, while the barefooted enemy, knowing every by-path, can slip through the jungle as noiselessly and rapidly as wild animals. At any rate, every one acknowledges to a certain disappointment as to the strategical advantages gained.

As to the moral effect, due to the splendid courage of our men charging day after day against seemingly impregnable trenches and bomb-proofs, and, most of all, to the ease with which we took the capital of the insurgent government, it has been great. How great this moral effect has been on the enemy it is at present impossible to tell, but I do not believe it to be as overwhelming as is believed at headquarters.

It is on the heroism of Jimmy Green, the enlisted man, whether he be volunteer or regular, that the interest of the campaign centres. It is from the individual point of view that the past weeks have been like a dream. In the midst of the carnage of war, tragedies of life have been mixed with the most ghastly pictures of physical mutilation and suffering, until the very rapidity of the transitions dazed one and blunted the sensibilities. Heroism became a matter of course, and death an incident. Imagine as a background to this changing scene, burning villages, smoke, fire, shot, and shell; the ceaseless tramp of tired and often bleeding feet; swamps and jungles to be crossed and rivers to be swum; men weighted down with ammunition and rations, uncomplaining and cheerful under the heat of a tropical sun; at the end of each long day a sharp skirmish, and perhaps death or life-long mutilation! The natural comment is that all this is merely war—the business of the soldier. True; nor do I think that Jimmy Green is troubled with heroics. He accepts the situation as a matter of course, without excitement or hysterics. He has little feeling in the matter, for his heart is not in this fight. He does not like his job particularly well, but these very facts go to show what splendid soldiers American citizens make in the field.

### II.—A REGIMENT IN ACTION

From La Loma church you may get the full view of our long line crossing the open field—evenly, steadily, irresistibly, like an inrolling wave on the beach. Here you may learn your first lesson about the United States army. Watch the regiments go forward and form under fire and move on and on, and you will exclaim, "Magnificent!" and you will gulp a little and feel proud, without exactly knowing why. Then gradually the power in that line of Americans will force itself upon you, and you will feel that you must follow, that wherever that line goes you must go also. By-and-by you will be sorry, but for the present the great might of an American regiment has got possession of you. Before, however, you move forward look closely at the line. On the right our men are firing heavily, but on our left you will notice that the Third Artillery are moving forward without firing a shot. It is not because the enemy are not firing at them, for here and there in the line a figure falls.

They will have advanced 1000 yards, under very heavy fire, before they fire their first shot. Look well, for the chances are you will never see such a sight again. They move slowly, steadily; it almost seems to you as if they moved slowly on purpose, just to show how long they can stand it. This is not a dashing charge, where the excitement gives temporary and unusual courage. It is an unwavering advance made possible by the cold determination of every man in the command, backed up by the training of good officers.

You have now learned what sort of a machine the American regiments are when they cross an open field two miles and three-quarters wide, without shelter, and with the enemy firing at them from behind strong intrenchments. Now get in back of the Third Artillery and find out what sort of men these regiments are composed of. You had better run for it and catch up with them before they have gone very far, or you will get all the spent bullets. Just back of the line are the Chinese litter-bearers. They crouch behind some rice mounds and chatter incoherently. A guard stands over them, and when a soldier drops in the firing-line this guard shouts, "Now, 'Chinos,' get along with you." They do not like it, but if they are watched and driven they will do anything for money.

Doctor Matthews, attached to the Third Artillery, gallops over the field, looking after the wounded. Although he makes a target of himself in so doing, he insists on riding his horse, because otherwise he could not get around rapidly enough to attend to all the wounded.

In the firing-line Jimmy Green, the enlisted man, stands to his work. He does not look particularly smart. His clothes do not fit him, but he has a rugged homespun face and a clear intelligent eye. He is not a bit excited. He does not like these whistling bullets any more than you do, because he knows what they mean. He is going ahead, however. When his chum is shot by his side he stoops a second over him to say a gruff word or two and moves on. It is against regulations for a man to drop out of the firing-line, even to help a wounded comrade.

"You must like to get shot at?" you say.

He remarks, "I'm paid for it."

He would not work at home for the $15 a month he is receiving, but at that critical moment the self-depreciation of his own motives pleases him enormously, and he will harp on it, although once back in America he will brag and tell the most outrageous yarns about this same battle.

As the advance continues, the fire gets hotter. The line of insurgent trenches follows the edge of woods, which drops back in the immediate front of the Third Artillery, forming a sort of broad bay of open land. Into this space the line moves, getting a cross-fire from three sides. The regiment is now firing by batteries. This is the moment when you will be sorry that you came. Every one else has something to do. The officers are giving orders in sharp staccato voices. The men load and fire. But you have nothing to do but listen to the bullets hum and watch the men drop. If you are wise you will follow me and get into a hole where a wounded man is being looked after. Heretofore the individual whistle of bullets, as they came near or far from you, has attracted your attention, but now there is a continuous singing about your ears, like the whistle of a strong wind in the cordage of a ship, only shriller.

The man on the stretcher has a shattered bone, from the thigh to the knee. He is quiet, and rather cheerful.

"I didn't think they'd get me," he remarks.

The fire ceases gradually, and enables you to join the line again. By the time you get up to the line, which is now three hundred yards from the woods, the insurgents have left their position. When the wood is reached not a dead Filipino is found in the trenches. The Third Artillery have lost thirty-five men out of a total of three hundred and ninety in thirty minutes.

The Tulihan River was half a mile further on through dense woods and over uneven ground. We caught a glimpse of some of the retreating insurgents, and ran on to their still smoking breakfasts of rice. Under a bush was one wounded native. A soldier approached him cautiously with fixed bayonet. I do not think the man intended to do more than protect himself against treachery on the part of the Filipino. Major Kobbé's indignation, however, was aroused.

"If you touch that man I will shoot you," he cried.

It was the first time I had ever seen the major excited. Quiet and somewhat reserved, he reminds one of an old book which centuries of good taste have picked out to survive.

Soon we moved on again—this time through brush fences, up and down over knolls.

### III.—INCIDENTS; MALOLOS CAPTURED

The fifth day (March 29) of the campaign began with a sharp fight as the division crossed the plain to the Bocave River. We observers learned to look on these regiments in a good deal the same way a college man looks on the individual heroes of the 'varsity football team. There was Nebraska, the star end rush, sure to get around the end and down the enemy before he got started with the ball. South Dakota was great on individual plays. Montana and Pennsylvania were reliable to stop any plays in the centre. Kansas played a hard and rough tackle, while the Third Artillery was as sure as Hinkey at left end.

At Bocave we rested a little, and some wanton soldiers burned the village. Here we found a proclamation of Aguinaldo's ordering all natives to burn their houses as they retreated. This plan was apparently in imitation of the Russians in the Napoleonic campaign.

Fortunately for us, our commissary supply does not depend on the country. Neither does the climate at this season in the Philippines make sleeping under the stars a hardship. Our real enemy was the sun, which every day disabled many good men. I shall never forget seeing one poor fellow fall from the ranks and suddenly become a raving maniac from congestion of the brain due to sunstroke. In his delirium he imagined that he was fighting Filipinos, and it took five men to hold him down.

When we started out from Bocave River at two in the afternoon not a shot was fired. The railroad station at Bocave was passed, and still no evidence of the enemy. On went the line, and nearer and nearer we drew to Malolos. Was the fighting over? Apparently the generals thought so, for the regiments were drawn in out of the jungle and marched down in column of fours along the railroad track. At last we came within sight of the station at Guiguinto, with the Guiguinto River just beyond. Heretofore the insurgents had always made a stand on the farther banks of the rivers. It was reasonable to expect something at Guiguinto, not more than five miles from Malolos. The Pennsylvania regiment was thrown out in advance. It deployed, and with extreme caution approached the river. Not a shot from any bush or mound. Perhaps the insurgents did not intend to fight any more. Pennsylvania crossed the railroad bridge. Already the soldiers were discussing the chances of Aguinaldo's coming in to surrender that night, or waiting till the following morning. Kansas started across the bridge. Crack, crack, crack, came from the brush ahead. Kansas increased its pace to a dog-trot. The scattered shots swelled into a continuous rattle, and a regular storm of bullets swept down on the bridge. Kansas broke into a run forward. Bullets rattled and rang against the iron bridge. In ten minutes forty of our men, mostly of the Kansas regiment, were shot down. General MacArthur stood near the bridge in the thick of it. Why he was not shot I do not know.

Lieutenant Davis of the navy moved over the bridge with his Colt automatic, and Lieutenant Critchlow, with his field-piece, followed. Kansas and Pennsylvania on each side of the track were in position, and poured volleys into the unseen enemy. The three-inch shells and the incessant stream of lead from the Colt gun soon quieted the zeal of the insurgents.

Night came on, and the army bivouacked in Guiguinto. Somebody set the town on fire. There could have been no more glorious camp fire for a tired army than this crackling, blazing village. However, Mr. John McCutcheon, a fellow-correspondent, and I had little interest in the æsthetic side of life on that night. We were pretty well tired out with the long march. Horses had been impossible, on account of the innumerable small streams that crossed the country. We had had a cup of coffee in the morning, but so great was our slavery to luxurious excess that we felt the need of food that evening. The wagon train was miles behind, and we did not care to ask any officers or soldiers to share their hardtack with us.

"Pooh!" said McCutcheon, "we can dust for ourselves. There must be good things in that burning village."

We started down one of the streets. There did not seem to be much food lying around. It was very hot, and we sat down to rest near the trunk of a tree.

"Look!" said Mac.

Near us stood a frightened pig, evidently seeking shelter from the fire, as we had done.

"Roast pig is very good," I ventured.

"How shall we do it?" whispered Mac, in a tone which suggested that he intended murder.

"I have no knife," said I.

"I have one," answered Mac, fumbling in his pockets. He finally drew out a penknife. Then we got some half-burned brittle stakes and made a bold charge on the enemy. The pig bolted. Then began a chase through the burning town. The pig picked out burning heaps of cinders and ran right over them. We followed with flank movements. It was a chase for life. The pig seemed to know what we were after, and gathered new energy every time he poked his nose on a burning log. It was a last effort on our part, and we felt that we could not survive failure. At last we cornered him. Mac was to charge, while I cut off the retreat. Mac started with a rush. Suddenly his arms went up into the air and he disappeared from sight. He had fallen down a dry well. The pig escaped.

"Hadn't we better get a drink?" suggested Mac.

We found a well. The water was thick and milky and a little salt, like gruel. We drank with relish.

When we wandered back to camp a cheery voice hailed: "Won't you join us?"

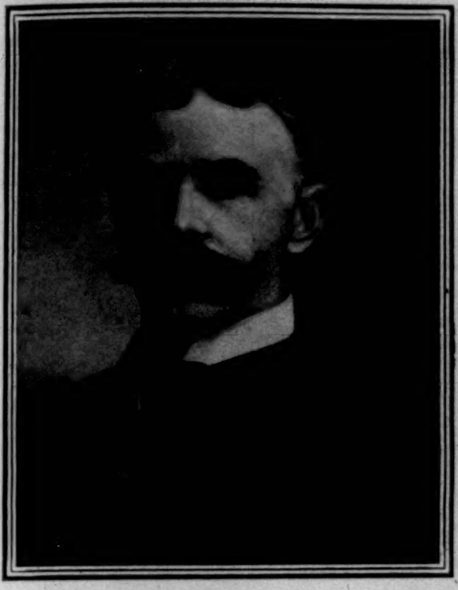
It was Major Young and Lieutenant Critchlow of the Utah batteries sitting down to supper. We stepped into the ring of light thrown by the camp fire, and looked at the bewildering sight before us: roast chicken, and plenty of it, bread, butter, jam, tomatoes, cheese, potatoes.

On March 30 the army moved forward again. There was some fighting on the right wing for Nebraska, but otherwise the insurgents kept out of our way, and left their trenches without firing, until we came to Santa Isabel, three miles from Malolos. General MacArthur with his staff was, as usual, walking down the track, when some natives dressed in white appeared on the track, and one of them came towards us. The general ordered a white flag to be waved. The native came into our lines, and the general assured him that non-combatants would be treated kindly and not shot at by the United States army. The native asked permission to go back and tell his companions, in order that they might come into the American lines. He was allowed to go, and walked down the railroad track, disappearing in the brush. A minute later a volley crashed down the track, evidently aimed at General MacArthur.

Friday, March 31, at 9.30, the seventh day after the start from La Loma church, Malolos was taken. The four 3.2-inch guns under Major Young and the Colt automatic fired from Santa Isabel at the insurgent positions for an hour. Then the infantry advanced. Nebraska got a little fighting on the extreme right, as usual, but no shots were fired in our front. Malolos lies about a mile west of the railway. A company of the Twentieth Kansas went along a road leading from Santa Isabel to Malolos. When one-quarter of a mile from the town, we saw the headquarters of Aguinaldo in the old Spanish convent building. Twenty men of the Kansas pushed ahead rapidly. Suddenly, as they turned a corner of the street about two hundred yards from the square of the town, they ran upon a barricade, and a dozen shots came whizzing down the street. We plastered ourselves against the walls of the buildings and waited. Five minutes passed, and we moved forward cautiously.

The trench was deserted. The men thought they saw a few insurgents disappearing, and fired a volley across the square. The old convent next to the church was burning and crackling. As if at a preconcerted signal, the nipa huts of the town beyond the big buildings about the square burst into flames. The windows of several buildings in the square opened, and Chinamen began to come out like rats. They let themselves down into the square with ropes. They threw down great bundles of clothes, and began rushing about the square this way and that, gesticulating and jabbering. A more dramatic scene cannot well be imagined. At last the soldiers quieted the Chinamen and got them seated in one corner of the square.

The town was gutted; nothing but bare houses remained. Mac and I sat down to rest for a moment, and then started down the long street lined with nipa huts for the railroad station to take the first train for Manila. The soldiers had come in from the railroad on the east, and lined both sides of the road. Sitting on the ground, they were breaking open cocoanuts and drinking the cool milk with avidity.



FRANK THOMSON,
President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.
Born July 5, 1841. Died June 5.

# Frank Thomson

A NEW YORK contemporary announced last week, in head-line type, that the late Frank Thomson, of Philadelphia, "began life, a humble mechanic, in the company's shops at Altoona." He did not. He began life at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, in 1841, and was seventeen years old and had been educated at the Chambersburg Academy before he went into the Altoona shops. That he was ever a "humble mechanic" is highly improbable. American mechanics are very rarely humble under any circumstances, and there was certainly nothing to make Frank Thomson humble in 1858. He was young, able, and vigorous; his father was a judge, and had been a Congressman; he had finished his preliminary schooling, and he went into the Altoona shops because he liked machinery better than law. He did what Mr. C. P. Huntington recommends young men to do if they do not study a profession—that is, to get into business early. He was as fine an example as any one will find of the results of a business training as compared with a college training. But then he was a remarkable man, and things came his way with an unusual rush. By the time he had been three years in the Altoona shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad the civil war broke out. Thomson was a youth consumed with energy and ambition, and already an accomplished railroad engineer. Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was Assistant Secretary of War, made him his chief assistant. For three years, until June, 1864, he worked for the government, conjuring up burned bridges, reconstructing dismantled railroads, and keeping open and operating an apparatus by which soldiers and supplies could be carried to the front. Then he went back to the Pennsylvania Railroad and became a division superintendent. He showed excellent ability, and nine years later became superintendent of motive power. A year later he was made general manager of the lines east of Pittsburg. In 1882 he became second vice-president, in charge of traffic. In 1888 he became first vice-president, and in 1897 he succeeded Mr. Roberts as president of the road.

He got into active business very young, worked extremely hard, and is dead at least a dozen years too soon. Mr. Thomson was as admirable in character as in ability. He stood for good work, and for the highest standards in work; and while he loved success, he believed in earning it. He was honored and esteemed as widely as he was known, and was best loved at home, where he was known best.

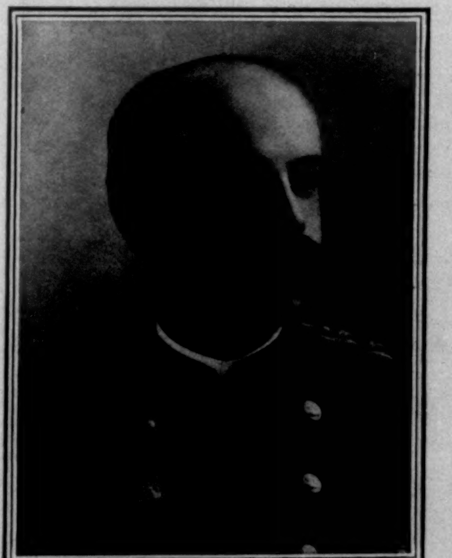


Photo. by Stafford & Co.

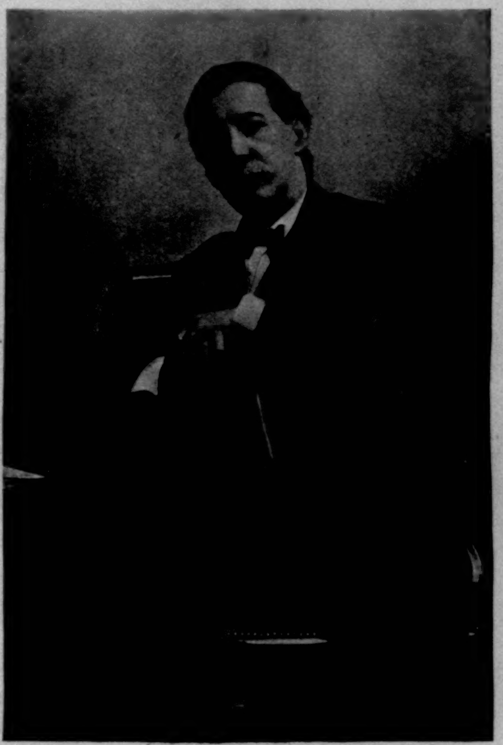
MAJOR ARTHUR M. DIGGLES, U.S.V.,
13th Minnesota. Mortally wounded in the Malolos Campaign—Died May 26.—[See Page 608.]

# Augustin Daly

THE unexpected death of Augustin Daly, on June 7, in Paris, will be felt by a multitude of Americans to be a serious calamity. Mr. Daly sailed for Europe on May 14, and had pneumonia on the steamer going over. By the time he reached London he had partly recovered, but went on to Paris against the advice of physicians, and died of heart-failure at the Hôtel Continental.

He was a very important man in New York, for we have been used for many years to look to him, more than to any other one man, for theatrical performances in which persons of polite tastes could find entertainment. Beyond doubt he was the leading manager of his day in this country. He had faults of temper and personal idiosyncrasies which were drawbacks to his complete success; he is criticised, too, for his failure to develop American playwrights and for his preference for plays of French or German origin; but even his critics admit that he knew his business in certain directions better than any of his rivals, that he had a true feeling for art and was willing to work hard and spend money lavishly for art's sake, and that in the scholarship of his profession no American contemporary approached him. He gave New York good plays, and New York was grateful, and will miss him keenly now that he is gone.

Mr. Daly was born in 1838, in Plymouth, North Carolina, and came to New York in 1854. He first found employment as clerk in a store, but his ambition was to be a playwright, and he set himself early to realize it. For nearly eight years he spent his evenings in writing plays not destined to be acted. His first successful play was "Leah the Forsaken," an adaptation, or free translation, of Mosenthal's "Deborah." That was put on the stage in 1862, with Kate Bateman as *Leah*, and did well. Next his "Taming a Butterfly," adapted from Sardou, was produced, and a year later the dramatization of "Griffith Gaunt."



AUGUSTIN DALY.
Born July 20, 1838. Died June 7.

Meanwhile he became a theatrical critic, and wrote for the New York *Times* and other papers. At the same time he worked at "Under the Gas-light," a New York melodrama, which was performed at the New York Theatre in 1867, and had a great popular success. For that play he was stage-director, and the next year began the career as manager of a stock company, on which his reputation chiefly rests. After testing his abilities with Mrs. Scott Siddons in 1868, he leased in 1869 the Fifth Avenue Theatre, got together a stock company, and brought out twenty-five plays within a year. They brought him more reputation than money, until he tried "Frou-Frou," which he had translated from the French. That, with Agnes Ethel as the heroine, did well, and helped to establish the reputation of the Daly Company.

During the next ten years he had many ups and downs. In 1873 he was burnt out of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. It was rebuilt; but four years later, in spite of the success of "Divorce," "Pique," and "The Big Bonanza," three plays of his own, his losses compelled him to retire from management. He started again in 1879, in the present Daly's Theatre, which was leased for him by his father-in-law, Mr. John Duff, and his course since that time is familiar to the theatre-goers of the contemporary generation. He made Daly's Theatre the most noted in the country. The money he made in suiting the public taste he spent freely in trying to educate it. Year after year he gave Shakspere's plays, usually at a loss. He had high aspirations in his profession, and he had the skill and the courage that they required. Several times he took his company to London, where finally, in 1893, a theatre was built for him, which still bears his name.

Among the players whose names are most familiarly associated with his are Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, Clara Morris, Mrs. J. H. Gilbert, John Drew, and Ada Rehan.

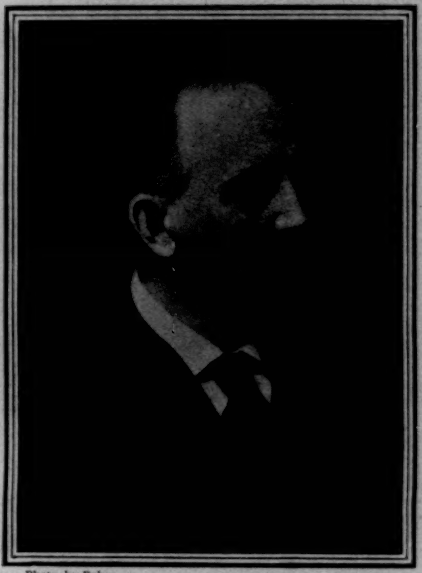


Photo. by Baker.

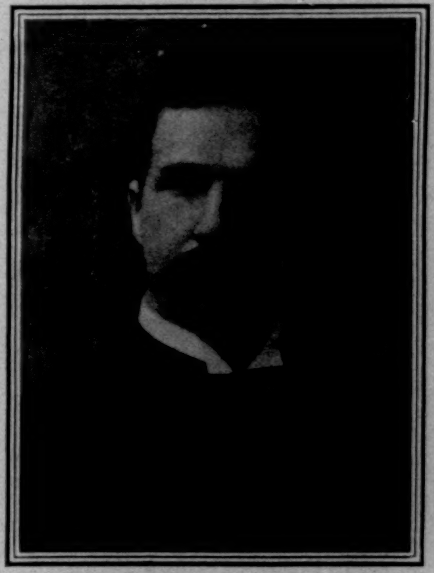
GEORGE K. NASH,
Republican Candidate for Governor of Ohio.

# Men of the Day

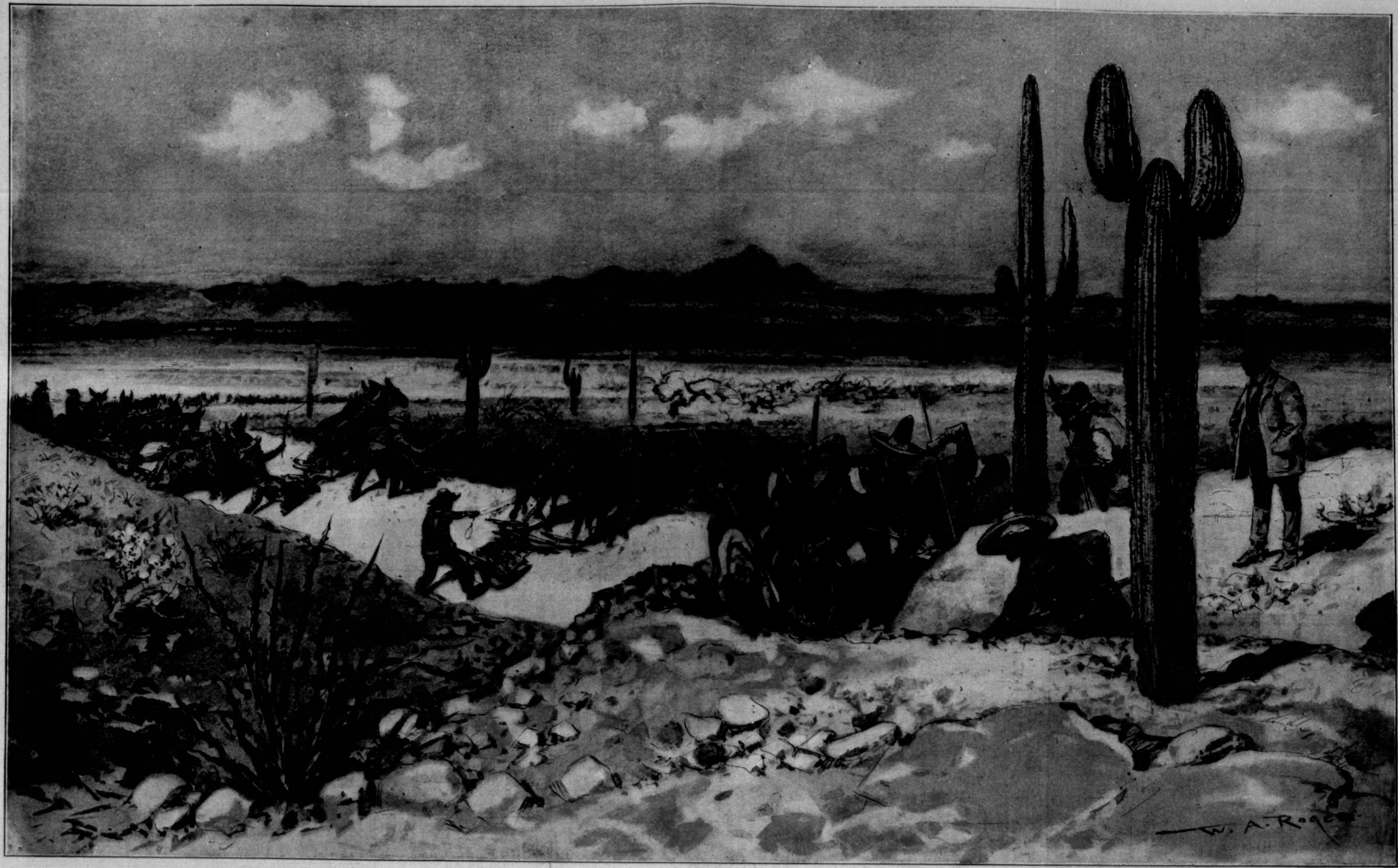
THE Republican State Convention at Columbus, June 2, nominated Judge George K. Nash, who was regarded as the candidate preferred by the national administration, more particularly by Senator Hanna, for Governor of Ohio. Mr. Nash was born in Medina County, Ohio, on August 14, 1842. His elementary studies were pursued at schools in the neighborhood of his father's farm, and he had entered upon a more advanced course at Oberlin College when the civil war broke out. In his Sophomore year books were abandoned in favor of active service in the field; he enlisted and served through the war as a private soldier. Exposure in the campaigns of those years told severely upon his health. He did not return to college, but instead began to read law. Admitted to the bar in 1867, he took up the active practice of his profession, and became prosecuting attorney of Franklin County in 1870—which office he held until October 1, 1874. In 1879 he was elected to the post of Attorney-General by the Republican party in Ohio; in 1883 he accepted an appointment by Governor Foster as judge of the Supreme Court Commission. During several years he served as chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee.

WHEN he was in his Senior year at Brown, William H. P. Faunce won a Carpenter premium, an honor awarded to two members of the Senior class who "shall, in the judgment of the faculty, unite in the highest degree the three most important elements of success in life—ability, character, and attainment." At a meeting of the Brown University Corporation on June 3, 1899, Rev. William H. P. Faunce, A.M., D.D., of New York, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, was elected unanimously to the Presidency of Brown University and to the chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

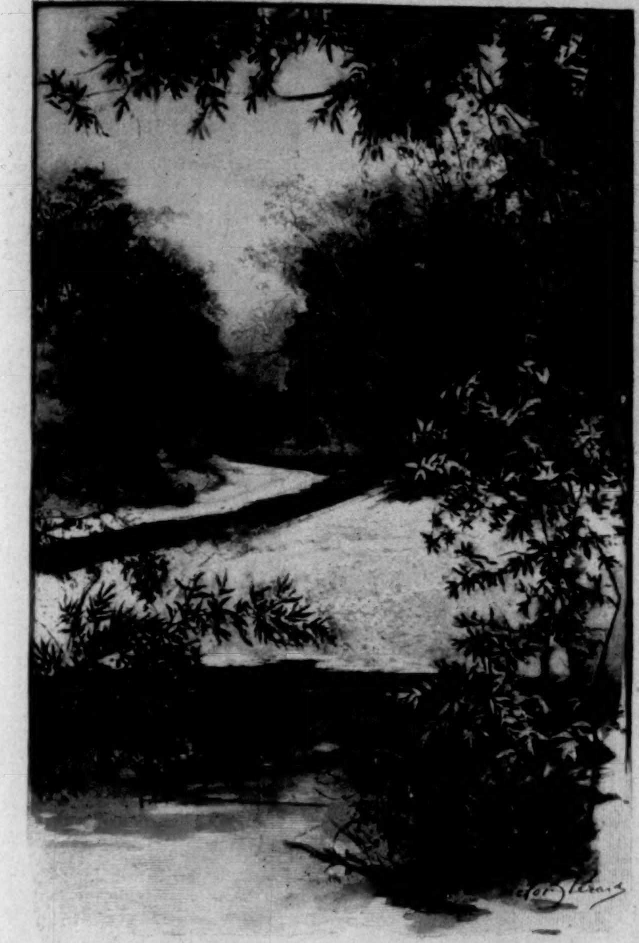
The man who learned what his college thought of him at the age of twenty-one, and now at the age of forty-one has had the good fortune to hear the same authoritative voice say "I told you so," is a native of Massachusetts, a direct descendant of Elder Thomas Faunce, who was ruling elder in the Old Plymouth Church for forty years. Born in Worcester, in January, 1858, fitted for college at Concord and Lynn, Mr. Faunce entered Brown in 1876. After receiving his degree as A.B., he entered Newton Theological Seminary, and was graduated in 1884. He was ordained the same year as pastor of a church in Springfield, Massachusetts, and in this pastorate he continued until called to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York city, where he has remained until the present time, a period of about ten years.



REV. W. H. P. FAUNCE,
New President of Brown University.

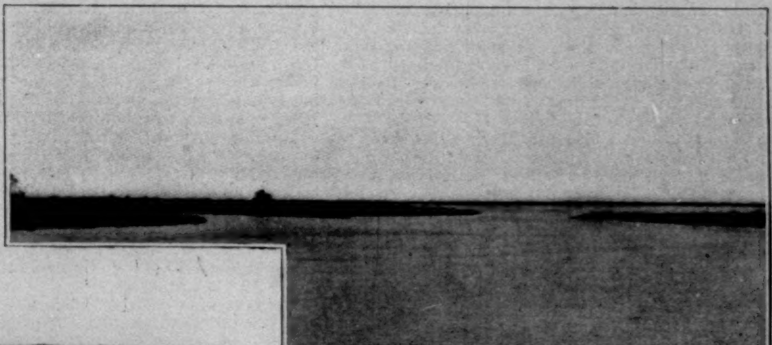


CONQUERING A DESERT IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 609.]

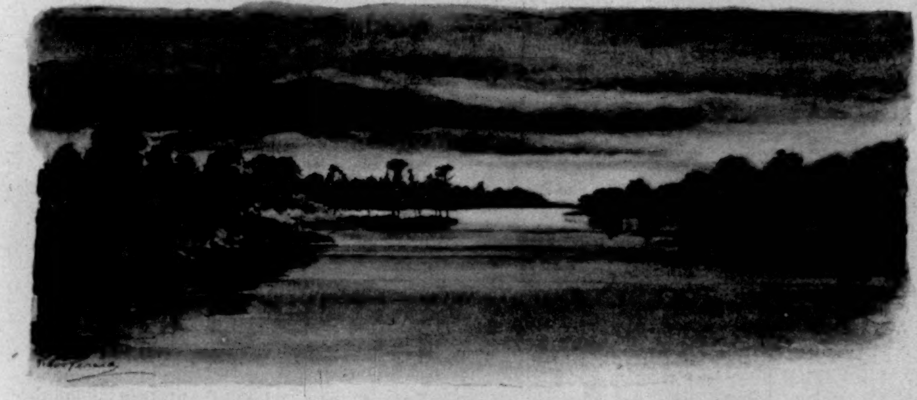


VIEW ON THE LOWER RIO GRANDE.

VIEW ALONG THE LAKE SHORE AT FORT SAN CARLOS.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.

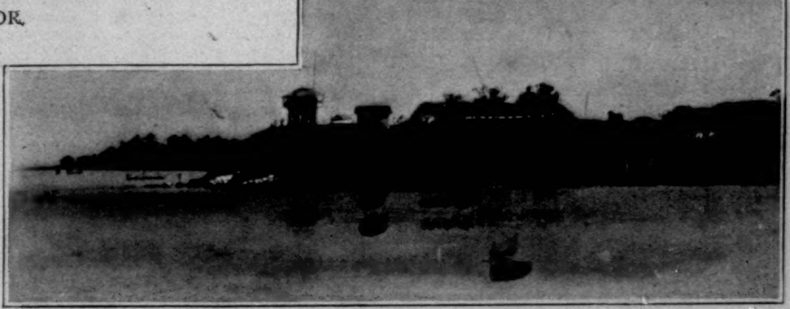


MOUTH OF RIO FRIO FROM LAKE NICARAGUA.

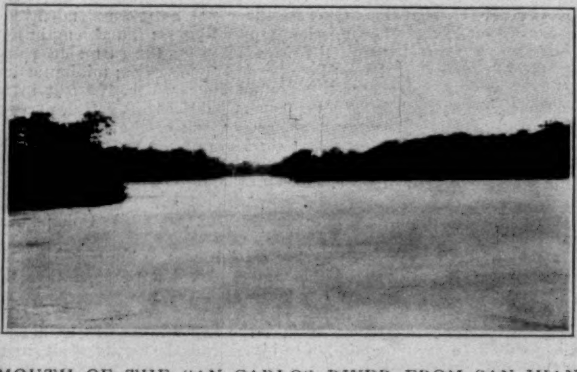


MOUTH OF CANAL, GREYTOWN HARBOR.

VIEW OF THE RIO GRANDE.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.



SAN CARLOS—LAKE NICARAGUA AT THE HEAD OF THE SAN JUAN RIVER.



MOUTH OF THE SAN CARLOS RIVER FROM SAN JUAN.

RUINED DREDGES, GREYTOWN HARBOR.

ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

# THE NICARAGUA CANAL IN SIGHT. *By Francis E. Leupp*

AFTER many years of buffeting against adverse fortune, the scheme for cutting an interoceanic canal through the narrow neck of land which unites the North and South American continents seems on the way to accomplishment. It made its most important advance when a government commission, consisting of Rear-Admiral John G. Walker, of the navy, Colonel Peter C. Hains, of the Corps of Engineers of the army, and Professor Lewis M. Haupt, a distinguished engineer in civil life, spent the greater part of a year in Nicaragua, studying the country with a view to setting at rest forever the main question of the practicability of a canal, and the subsidiary question of the expense which would be involved in constructing it. Work had already been begun by the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, a corporation chartered in the United States, upon a canal which it was proposed to build on a private concession, chiefly with private capital and for private profit; but, as is the case with most undertakings for great public works privately capitalized at the outset, the uncertainty of the results was magnified tenfold in the minds of investors with the first serious drain upon the company's treasury. Congress, to whom the incorporators appealed for a government guaranty, stood aloof. There was a widespread feeling that if a canal were to be run through Nicaragua, it would be better to have the whole enterprise in the hands of the government. But first the people demanded an opinion pro or con from some source to which no suspicion of selfish benefit could attach; and, accordingly, by authority of Congress, the President selected the Walker Commission as a group of trained men whose judgment would not only be sound in itself, but compel confidence everywhere.

The report of this commission is now in his hands. It is unique in the way it approaches the discussion of its subject. Other reports, official or semi-official, have been made from time to time on the question of practicability and the choice of routes, but they have treated the matter from the point of view of the special advocacy of some one route, leaving open the question whether there were not other routes which could be followed if desired. The inquirer who sweeps with his eye a flat map of the country would naturally ask why the canal could not be run, like an ordinary ditch across a prairie, from this point on one sea-coast to that point on another, saving distance and trouble by making the line as straight as the crow flies. Or, if the presence of a mountain system passing down the middle of the narrow land be recognized, the next question is, why not cut through this chain directly from ocean to ocean? Those questions the Walker Commission have endeavored to answer in their own way by showing, as judges and not as advocates, the scientific reasons why first this and then that tract of country should be eliminated from the problem, till they are able to mark out an area of "comparative feasibility"—borrowing this term from Professor L. M. Keasbey—outside of which it is not worth while to look.

Admiral Walker's organization of his commission and the plan he adopted for its work were methodical and thorough. The details and the command of the field parties were committed to E. S. Wheeler, chief engineer. The first stage of the examination was topographical. Here the commission had the advantage of access to former surveys, so that it needed only to fill the vacant spaces here and there which had been overlooked, and push its inquiry into some regions which had not been touched at all.

The next survey was geologic. This was the first attempt at such an undertaking, no former expedition having apparently considered the geology of the country of sufficient importance to demand the assistance of experts. Yet, when it is remembered that one of the stock arguments against the construction of any canal through the tropics has been the peril from seismic disturbances, the value of this branch of the work cannot be overestimated. Slight earthquakes are frequent in northwestern Nicaragua, the centre of these shocks being always near the line of the Nicaragua volcanoes. But only two or three of these volcanoes still emit any smoke, the signs all indicating that the present is an era of subsidence, and that seismic manifestations will continue to grow lighter, and finally cease altogether. The canal route, moreover, is entirely south of the region of their occurrence; and within historic times no earthquake has been known in the canal tract of sufficient violence to injure the work.

The geologists furnished a classification of the formations and material along the line of the various canal locations with enough accuracy for a preliminary estimate of the cost of cutting channels and rearing walls. The work of the meteorologists and the hydrologists came next. They have measured the rainfall continuously for more than a year at twelve different stations, and also the discharge of all important streams in the entire drainage-basin at high and low water, calculated the amount of sediment carried by them, and taken observations of evaporation.

All this is an advance upon any inquiry heretofore made. As a result of it the physical reasons which limit the canal region may be summarized thus: Beginning on the eastern seaboard, the country south of the San Juan River is excluded by the large rivers which cross it. The country north of the San Juan Valley is excluded by the range of high hills which crosses it in a northwesterly and southeasterly direction. This leaves for the canal region on the east side only the narrow valley and the delta plain of the San Juan River. On the west side, the country, both north and south of the valleys of the Rio Grande and the Lajas rivers, is excluded by the range of high hills which forms the continental divide.

As to the particular route to be taken through the canal region, there has been, for a long part of the way, no substantial difference of opinion between the several engineering parties who have been on the ground at various periods. All, for example, have made use of Lake Nicaragua, and of about the same entrance into and exit from the lake. Beginning at Brito, on the west coast, and moving eastward, the first stage of seven miles is the flood plain of the Rio Grande. This plain is irregular in shape, with a seaward slope of about ten feet to every mile. It is partly under cultivation, but generally wooded, and is the most fertile and beautiful valley in the canal region. From the head of this valley to Lake Nicaragua is about ten miles. The excavation for the canal here would be almost entirely through rock, the average thickness of the earth on the rock being about six feet. The rock is sandstone and shale, much broken and easy to excavate. This part of the canal region is quite narrow, the hills approaching closely on each side.

This brings us—as the reader will see by following the route on the map—to Lake Nicaragua, which is on a high table-land, and is the source of water-supply for both the eastern and the western sections of the canal. The lake has an extreme length of perhaps 100 miles and an extreme width of 45, or a surface area of some 3000 square miles—about one-third that of Lake Erie. Its greatest depth is 200 feet. The length of the sailing-line between the points where the canal enters and leaves it is, in round numbers, 70 miles. With a drainage area of 12,900 square miles, the inflow of water during the periods of great rainfall is sometimes sufficient to raise the surface 5 inches in forty-eight hours. Its maximum outflow is 50,000 cubic feet per second. The evaporation is estimated at 3½ to 5 feet annually. During the dry season the evaporation exceeds the inflow; and it is believed that during exceptionally dry years this excess holds good the entire year. The result is a great fluctuation in the elevation of the surface of the lake at various periods. There are reports extant that it has been known to fall as low as 97 feet above sea-level and to rise as high as 112 feet. It certainly does fluctuate between 100 and 110 feet above sea-level, and at no infrequent intervals. Its depth along the proposed sailing-line is ample, except for some thirteen miles on the east side. Here submarine excavations will be necessary, but the borings show that the material to be excavated is only silt.

The San Juan River is about 120 miles long. Where it leaves Lake Nicaragua its maximum discharge is 50,000 cubic feet per second. At the mouth of the San Carlos River the discharge is doubled; and when it enters the Caribbean Sea its maximum discharge is 300,000 cubic feet a second. The upper San Juan is comparable in volume with the St. Marys River, or the Potomac at the head of tide-water, and the lower San Juan with the Niagara, or the Susquehanna at Harrisburg. Its principal tributaries are the San Carlos River, with a maximum discharge of 100.000 cubic feet per second, and the Sarapiqui with 60,000. So large a river in so small a drainage basin is due to the great rainfall, which in the country between Lake Nicaragua and the Caribbean Sea is about 21 feet annually. The annual evaporation from the land surface is about 3 feet. This leaves 18 feet to run off, or about eighteen times the average in the United States east of the Mississippi River.

At the head of the delta plain the San Juan separates into several distributaries. The Colorado River is the largest, and carries about four-fifths of the water; the lower San Juan comes next, and has a small branch called the Tauro; the San Juanillo leaves the main river, and after a circuitous curve of about twenty miles rejoins it. There is nothing to prevent carrying the canal along the north side of the San Juan River from the mouth of the San Carlos to the sea, since in that section no large streams enter it from the north. Some hills which approach close to the river can be cut through or passed around.

To summarize the conclusions of the commission, the upper San Juan from the lake to the mouth of the San Carlos, and the lower San Juan from the Colorado to Greytown, can be canalized at reasonable cost. The rest of the river, from the mouth of the San Carlos to the mouth of the Colorado, could not be canalized except at a practically prohibitive expense. From Lake Nicaragua to the mouth of the San Carlos the canal route is practically the river itself. Some bends in the river could be shortened by cut-offs. Wherever the length of the canal could be shortened with an extra cost of less than $250,000 per mile of shortening, it has been recommended, but where the extra cost would be greater it has not. This rule was derived thus: If it be assumed that 10,000,000 tons of business would pass through the canal annually, it would be safe to infer that the tolls would be adjusted so as to yield 4 per cent. on the investment. Now ocean freights for 3000 miles or more are usually one mill per mile per ton, half of this being for shore expenses, such as loading, unloading, warehousing, and insurance. This leaves one-half mill for water carriage; but as vessels would move at half-speed in the canal, the rate may be estimated at one mill per mile per ton. For 10,000.000 tons this would amount to $10,000 a mile. Hence, if the canal were shortened one mile at any point, $10,000 in additional tolls could be collected annually. At 4 per cent. this would pay interest on $250,000; hence, $250,000 could be borrowed on such a cut-off and pay interest without loss.

On the west side the Maritime Canal Company's line has been followed almost wholly. The valleys are so narrow, and the physical conditions so defined, that no considerable variation would be possible.

Since the canal region is thus circumscribed, and for the greater part is occupied already by the line mapped out by the Maritime Canal Company, the question naturally arises, Why not adopt the company's programme as a whole for any government work which may be undertaken? Here it will be necessary to draw a sharp distinction between two terms which the public are apt to confound—the route and the construction plan. The company's route and the commission's coincide in the main from the western extremity of the canal as far eastward as Ochoa. From that point to the Caribbean they are utterly unlike. Below the confluence of the San Carlos River the commission would take the canal out of the San Juan, so as to avoid the floods from the San Carlos. The company's plan proposes carrying water from the lake eastward to the Eastern Divide, keeping it at a high level by the use of a line of embankments where necessary. Though no doubt is thrown upon the practicability of this plan, it involves some great uncertainties, particularly as to the permanency of the work when finished. As the river has a natural fall of about one foot to the mile from the level of the lake, in a distance of 70 miles it will be necessary to raise the level of the river about 70 feet. Such embankments as are needed to hold up this water must have proper foundations, free from alluvium and silt, and the borings made by the commission's geologists show that in order to find such a footing it would be necessary to carry the work down in some places 60 feet below the surface of the earth, making 130 feet of wall in all. At the Eastern Divide the company proposes to make a cut 300 feet deep through the ridge, and construct a series of locks from that point to the sea, a distance of some 27 miles. Few such cuts have ever been made, and those which have approached this in magnitude have been subject to slips and small landslides, involving extra expense for maintenance and repairs. Moreover, the backing of the water, as contemplated by the company's plan, would create an artificial lake between 95 and 100 square miles in area, so that, if the crest of one of the embankments should give way at any time, the escape of all this impounded water would carry stupendous wreck and ruin before it.

The company's route is shorter than the commission's by about 8 miles. As the speed at which large vessels would move through the canal would be, say, 8 miles an hour, the saving of time would be insignificant. Moreover, by the commission's plan there would be no cut through the divide, no embankments in danger of yielding, and no landslides to be feared.

"How do you account for the difference in the estimates made by competent engineers as to the cost of a canal through Nicaragua by routes substantially similar?" Admiral Walker was asked by the present writer.

"By the difference in the plans of construction," he answered. "The first thing demanded is that the canal shall answer the needs of commerce; but those needs differ in different eras. The Childs survey, made nearly fifty years ago, set the cost at only $37,000.000, or less than one-third of our estimate. This great divergence is not to be accounted for by any increased engineering difficulties, but by the increased size of the ships to be accommodated. Even our plan does not contemplate a canal which can be used forever. We have figured for a canal large enough for our present needs, but it may be outgrown in twenty-five or thirty years. With a view to this possibility, we have chosen such a location and plan of construction as will enable posterity to make changes from time to time as they seem necessary."

"Would native labor be used in building the canal?"

"To some extent; but the native labor is not sufficient, even if we could command all there is in the country. It has been suggested that we try Chinese, but there are objections to this. The use of Chinese on the Costa-Rican railways is said not to have been a success; and the same is true of Italians. Negroes imported from Jamaica are said to have proved to be good laborers on the Panama Canal; but men brought from the Fortune Islands to work on the Silico Railway, while at first fairly satisfactory, became easily discouraged by bad weather or slight illness, like children, and did not continue to put heart into their work. It is quite possible that the best labor that could be employed in Nicaragua would be whites and negroes taken from our Southern States. White labor, which has been employed on the Mississippi levees, would be superior to anything that we would be likely to get, but the quantity of this is limited."

"Are not the local sanitary conditions such as to imperil the lives of white workmen?"

"No, I think not. I do not see why it should be, if ordinary care is taken. We had from eighty to one hundred white men in the field while making our ten months' survey, divided into eight parties, and these sometimes divided again into sub-parties, so that their local distribution was wide. We kept a careful health record, which shows that we lost only one man. He died in Washington, of yellow fever, but the circumstances were exceptional: in order to save a week's time in the sailing of a steamer, he insisted upon going to Port Limon, Costa Rica, when it was a very nest of fever, and caught the disease there. On the eastern section of the canal route we had no complaint of bowel troubles, although the men drank persistently of the swamp water. Possibly this immunity was due to the fact that the average rainfall there is seven times as great as the average in the thickly populated part of the United States, and the pools have no chance to become stagnant. On the western section the rainfall is only one-third as great."

"Would the government of Nicaragua be likely to raise any objections to our government's coming in there with a public enterprise, in view of the concessions already granted to private parties, the survival of which is a subject of controversy?"

"That is something outside of the line of our work as a commission; but my personal impression is that the republic of Nicaragua would welcome any enterprise which gave promise of making the canal an accomplished fact. Commercially the direct advantage to the Nicaraguans of having the canal run through their country would be great, for Nicaragua produces much that she could ship to other countries at a profit. Then the building of the canal, and its operation, would inevitably bring a good deal of money into the country for the purchase of fresh food-supplies and the like. The canal would have a potential value locally also, from the fact that freight could be moved through Nicaragua at current ocean rates, one mill per mile per ton, on ships using the canal, and this might stimulate immigration. If the right sort of people, with plenty of capital and push, should be attracted to Nicaragua by her increased facilities for doing business with the outside world, they could assist largely in the development of the country."

The dimensions of the canal, as recommended by the Walker Commission, are as follows: Total length, if the route through the delta plain on the east side passing north of Lake Silico be used, 189.9 miles; minimum depth of water at all stages, 30 feet; width, 100 feet in rock cuts, elsewhere varying from 150 to 300 feet, except in Lake Nicaragua, where one end of the channel will be made 600 feet wide; six locks on the west side, with lifts of 19.3 feet each, and on the east side six locks with lifts of 18.4 feet each. On the question of total cost, the commissioners differ. Admiral Walker and Mr. Haupt set their estimate at $118,113,790, while Colonel Hains sets his at $134.818,308.

Congress, at its last session, was so impressed with the importance of the whole isthmian problem that it resolved to have the facts regarding the proposed Panama route before it, as well as those concerning Nicaragua. It accordingly authorized the expenditure of $1,000,000 by a new commission to investigate the merits of all suggested locations and develop generally a project for an isthmian canal.

# BALLAD OF LIEUTENANT MILES

### BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Tell of young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines!

'Twas the Santa Ana fight!—
All along the rebel line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hark their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
"Call Lieutenant Miles!" He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
"Yonder block-house—that's our aim!"
The battalion leader said.

"You must take it—how you will;
You must break this damnèd spell!"
"Volunteers!" he cried. 'Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
"Come!"—oh, blithely thus he saith!—
Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dash the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve nor stay of pace.
And the rebels—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat—
Every rebel rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles—
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

EDWARD B. EDWARDS

# LONDON

*May 27, 1899.*

SINCE the Cæsars received divine honors in decadent Rome no sovereign has had such a tribute of respect from the Old World and the New as the Queen on her birthday. Like the Emperor Augustus, Queen Victoria has placed her yoke alike upon the British and the hardy Parthians, as Horace, the Alfred Austin of his day, pointed out in a well-known ode. The adulation of the Queen on her eightieth birthday might seem servile and impious—approaching actual deification—were it not that the whole significance of the demonstration lies in its voluntary character. The Queen has assumed a place among the tutelary deities of England. Among some of the hill tribes of northern India temples have been erected in her honor, while throughout her empire she is the object of private superstition. She alone among women has experience of apotheosis on this side of the grave. To the loyal rejoicings of her Majesty's own subjects were joined the congratulations of foreign rulers and communities. Among these none has been more striking than the message of the President of the United States and the speech of Admiral Sampson. If the enthusiasm of Americans in London be any criterion of the feeling that prevails in the States, the Queen has regained from the grandchildren of the Revolution some of the affection and respect forfeited by her grandfather. As usual, Lord Rosebery is public orator, and with felicitous passion articulates general opinion in his dramatic picture of the most signal and most illustrious reign in British history. President McKinley's expression of regard and affection which the American people cherish towards the Queen is gratefully received and most highly prized. The German Emperor honored the birthday of his grandmother by a banquet. The Emperor Francis Joseph paid a personal visit of congratulation to our ambassador. King Humbert of Italy attended the garden party given by Lord Currie. The Boer government in Pretoria adjourned the Raad in honor of the Queen—a diplomatic and sagacious course to pursue. The colonies throb with emotion. A great banquet was held in London, presided over by Lord Rosebery, and attended by three hundred representative subjects of the Queen. The dinner was spontaneous, not official, not ministerial, and was attended by the representatives of all the Queen's services in all parts of her empire. One of the tables was made up entirely of gentlemen hailing from the United States. The speech of Colonel Taylor, U. S. A., in reply to the toast of the United States, was met by the whole of the guests rising and remaining standing until the conclusion of the "Star-spangled Banner," which was played by the band as a compliment to America.

IT may seem to some people that I lay undue stress upon and devote too much space to these celebrations of the Queen's birthday. At fourscore years it is not to be expected that the Queen will remain with us for long. When she departs great changes are inevitable—changes dreaded by many. At the time of her Majesty's accession Sydney Smith preached in St. Paul's Cathedral a sermon on the duties of the Queen. This sermon of sixty-two years back has been turned by the course of events into a prophecy that has been fulfilled. The Queen has been granted a long sojourn upon earth. She has followed peace and ensued it. She has made few orphans and few widows in her reign. She has used all the weight of her character, all the power of her situation, to check the irascible passions of the meat-eating English, and she can honestly exclaim, when the hour arrives, with the pious Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

A GREAT struggle on the subject of Sunday, or rather seven-day, newspapers ended this week, when the *Daily Telegraph* announced its intention of ceasing to publish its Sunday issue. A few days previously Mr. Harmsworth, the Napoleon of the halfpenny press, had adopted a similar course in regard to the *Daily Mail*. For the present, therefore, London is left to the enjoyment of the twelve Sunday newspapers already published, none of which, however, are the continuation or enlargement of week-day journals. A few years ago a similar battle was fought out in the case of the Sunday issue of the New York *Herald*, with a like result. The strength of public opinion on the subject is unmistakable. The dulness of the London Sunday, its misery and gloom to wayfarers and travellers from abroad, are understood and admitted evils, but the evils of the Continental Sunday, the destruction of the Saturday half-holiday, and the immigration of the Sunday yellow press are dreaded by working-men and wage-earners far too sincerely to give a seven-day journalism any chance of success. It is understood that the public expressed its opinion by refusing to purchase the publications issued by the publishers and proprietors of the two offending seven-day journals, that the loss was enormous, and that the recognition of facts by Mr. Harmsworth and Sir Edward Lawson was emphasized by their pecuniary interests. Both gentlemen have accepted frankly and worthily the protests on moral, religious, and economical grounds. Sunday journalism may pay in the States. In this country, fortunately, public remonstrances are reflected in newspaper balance sheets.

THE best speech on the subject was made by John Burns, the labor leader, in a deputation to the Home Secretary. The member for Battersea dwelt mainly on the plea that unless the seven-day journalism was stifled at its birth, all the evils which are admitted to have arisen from seven-day journalism in the States would take root on English soil. Religious sentiment has had a great deal to do with the campaign against the new Sunday papers, but the secular love of the Saturday half-holiday has also played its part. Two of the Sunday journals that still remain are over a hundred years old. The *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*, for example, were founded in the last century, and though they have changed hands many times, have been published weekly. No English Sunday paper, under the present system of news-gathering, can contain much news, because the news-gatherers in different parts of the world reserve their energies for the Monday issues. It is understood that the Queen has discreetly used all her influence indirectly to discourage the continuance of seven-day journalism, and that Lord Rosebery's utterances on the subject are highly favored at court.

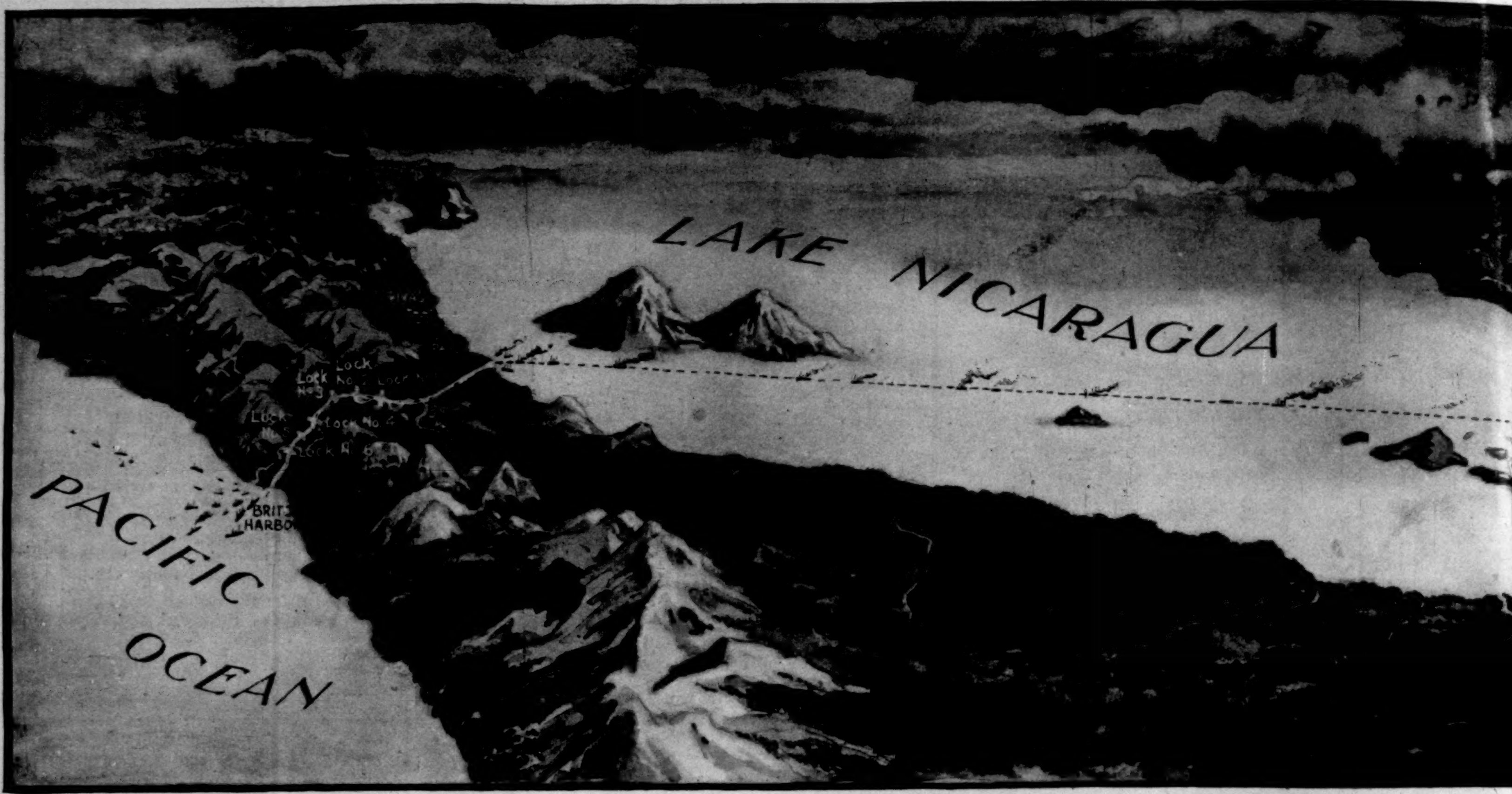
THE grounding of the *Paris*, like the sinking of the *Victoria*, is a mystery, but one that is likely to be cleared up without great delay. In naval circles the prevalent opinion is clear and decisive. Nothing but bad navigation could land a ship bound from Cherbourg to New York on the Manacle Rocks. Two large vessels, within a comparatively short time, have been run on shore at the same spot, within a few hours of leaving port. The greatest secrecy is maintained by the captain and officers of the *Paris* as to the cause of the mishap. Surprise is expressed that information is refused even to the representatives of the Board of Trade. The commander of the *Paris* is well within his right in so acting, but the interests of the public on both sides of the Atlantic are identical, and there is a strong conviction that the navigation is by no means so careful as it should be. Use begets indifference to danger.

THE political situation as it stands is one of absolute stagnation. Liberal leaders continue to gird at each other in labored quip and studied impromptu. Mr. John Morley's pretty wit is shown in his latest epigram. "Lord Rosebery," says the biographer of Mr. Gladstone, is "a dark horse in a loose box." If report speaks truly, Mr. Morley is indebted to a feminine source for this touch of fancy. Students of his style certainly fail to detect the measured sequence and dignified sobriety of Mr. Morley's sombre and bookish characteristics. Not only are the Liberal leaders quarrelling among themselves, but I am informed by high Parliamentary authority that there is not one young Liberal of promise behind the front Opposition bench. To such depths of inanition has Parliamentary criticism fallen that the government do precisely as they like. Even three years ago the announcment that Russia had secured the right of building a railway to Peking would have frenzied the Opposition. On June 9, when the Foreign Office vote is discussed in Parliament, China and the surrender to the French over the Waima question will be the principal topics. So far as the Opposition are concerned the debate might as well not take place. I understand, however, that on both subjects Lord Salisbury's policy will be arraigned from the government side of the House. The publication of Lord Charles Beresford's book has supplied students and thinkers with all the elements of a serious indictment against the cabinet policy of drift in the Far East. Lord Charles himself has begun his campaign at York, but at present the public are far more interested in Sunday papers, in the phenomenal bowling of Howell for the Australian eleven, and in Flying Fox, the Derby favorite. Even the Peace Conference has ceased to interest, although affairs in the Transvaal are followed with concern by those who know how critical the situation really is.

I HEAR that the French government, who have been urged by the investing public on the other side of the channel to support British action in Pretoria, are strongest on the question of the Supreme Court. They say that the integrity and independence of their own Court of Cassation are the only salvation of France to-day, and therefore at the moment the position of the High Court in the Transvaal comes home to them. Sir Alfred Milner is to meet President Kruger next week, but the great capitalists are not sanguine of the result. If the meeting at Bloemfontein ends, as it probably will end, without a settlement, matters in the Transvaal are likely to drift along until the autumn; but in the course of the next few months the unrest and indignation prevalent among the Uitlanders, in consequence of the stubborn refusal of a corrupt and reactionary government to remedy their grievances, will culminate in regrettable incidents. In the mean time Mr. Chamberlain's patience and long-suffering have prevented the Tory Boer party from posing as the victims of a tyrannical and ambitious colonial minister. The sands of the glass are nearly run out, but Mr. Kruger and his adherents in the First Raad refuse to see the handwriting on the wall which is plain to onlookers.

ONE of the features of the London season is the Royal Military Tournament, the objects of which are to encourage and develop skill at arms in all ranks of the regular and auxiliary forces and to benefit the military charities. The military authorities throughout Great Britain, the colonies, and India support the tournament, and prizes are given for regimental, battery, and company competitions from the cavalry, horse and field artillery, infantry battalions, Royal Engineers, and the army gymnastic staff. The pageant this year is entitled Warriors of Britain, and typifies the evolution of our soldiery from the steel-clad knight of Towton to the Tommy Atkins of Khartum. Bodies of troops wearing the uniform and arms in vogue during the Wars of the Roses, the Parliamentary struggle, and the Indian Mutiny, together with representatives of regiments that took part in the late Sudan expedition, march together into the arena, and afford a striking picture of the change in clothing and weapons which has taken place in four centuries. The scene evokes the jingo feeling which lurks in an Anglo-Saxon breast. The combined display this year illustrates some of the incidents in the Perak expedition of 1875. The scene is laid at Passer Sala, a Malay village, which was captured, after a stubborn resistance, by a combined force of soldiers and sailors assisted by Sikh police. An audience of 10,000 people assemble twice a day to witness competitions and pageants, and a more striking method of popularizing the fighting forces it is difficult to imagine. The display, however, is too theatrical for a fastidious taste. One of the guns used on Thursday in the pageant was worked by Peel's naval brigade in the relief of Lucknow.

ARNOLD WHITE.


LAKE NICARAGUA
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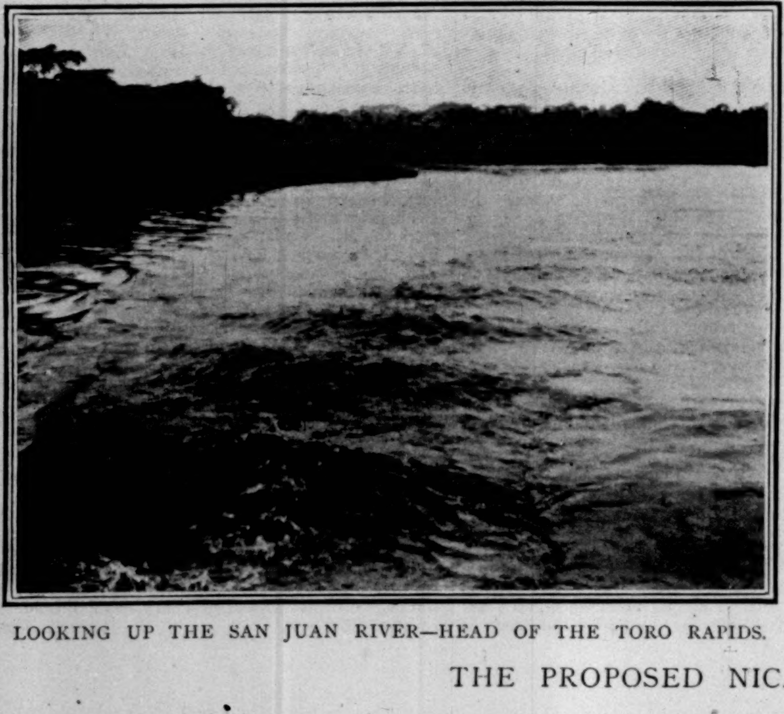
HARBO

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NIC

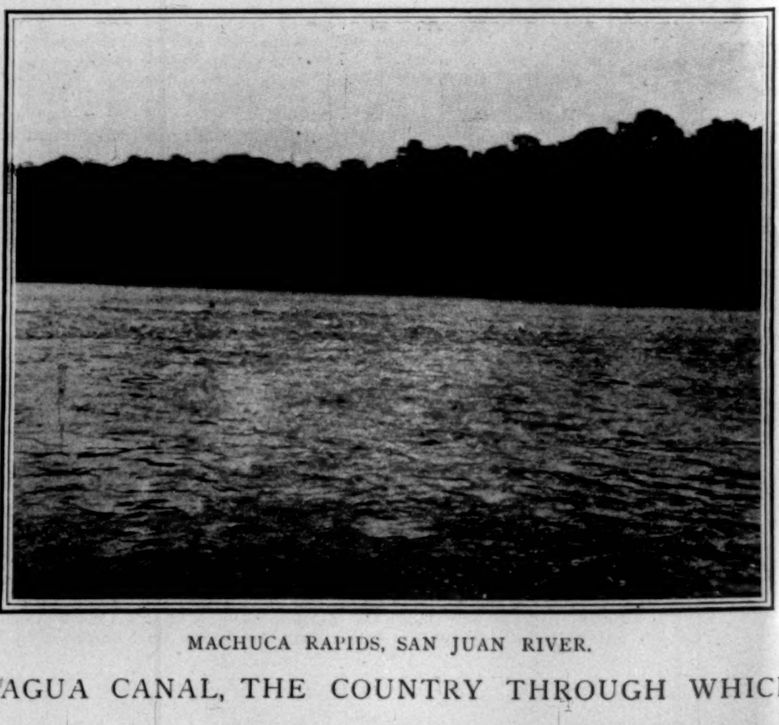
The smooth Lines indicate the Route recommended by the Commission, and its Variants. The dotted Line indicates the R

RAPIDS AT CASTILLO VIEJO, FROM THE FORT.

NATIVE GIRL—NEGRO TYPE.
Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.

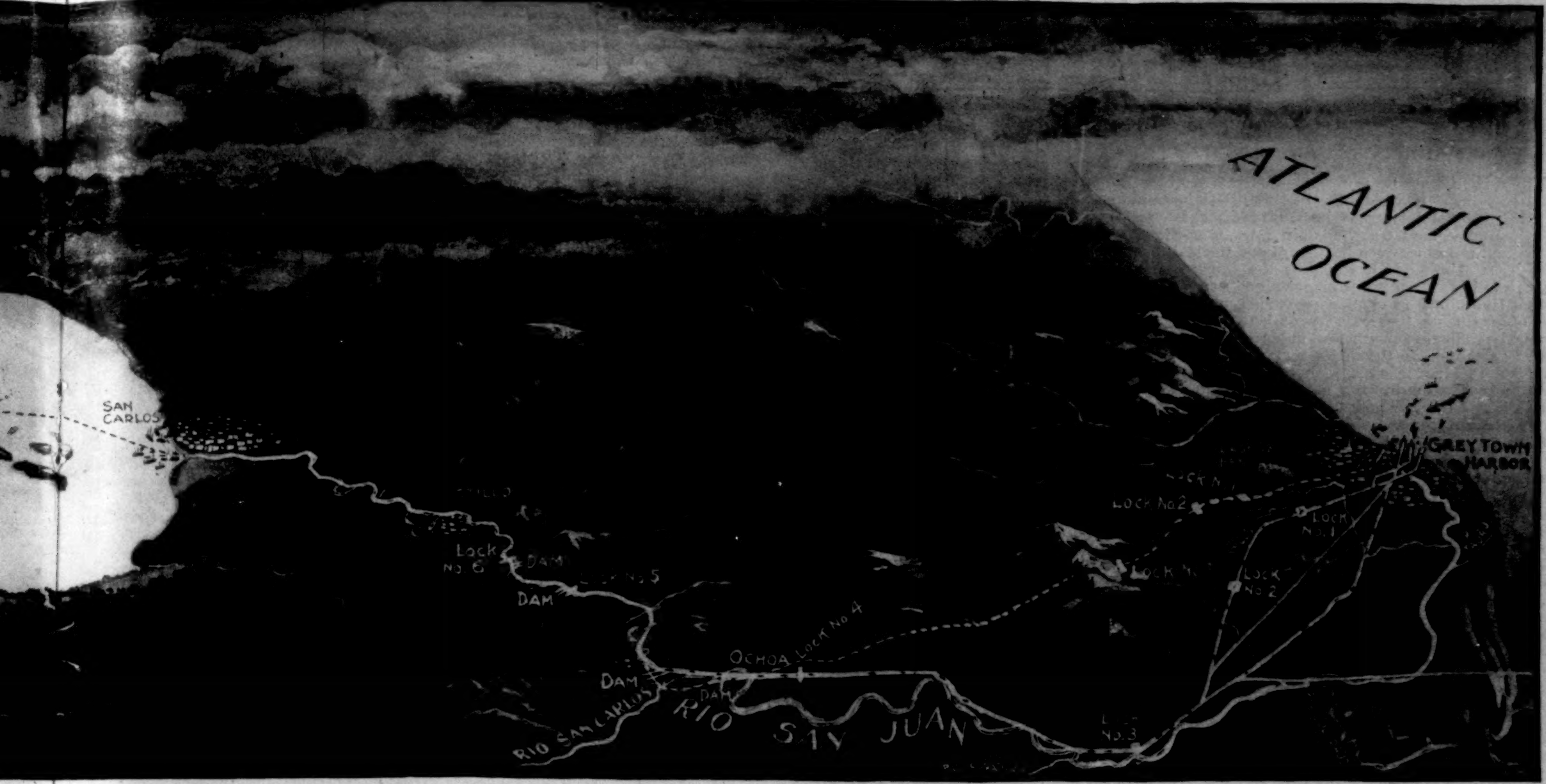


LOOKING UP THE SAN JUAN RIVER—HEAD OF THE TORO RAPIDS.



MACHUCA RAPIDS, SAN JUAN RIVER.

THE PROPOSED NICARAGUA CANAL, THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH


ATLANTIC OCEAN
SAN CARLOS
GREY TOWN HARBOR
LOCK No. 2
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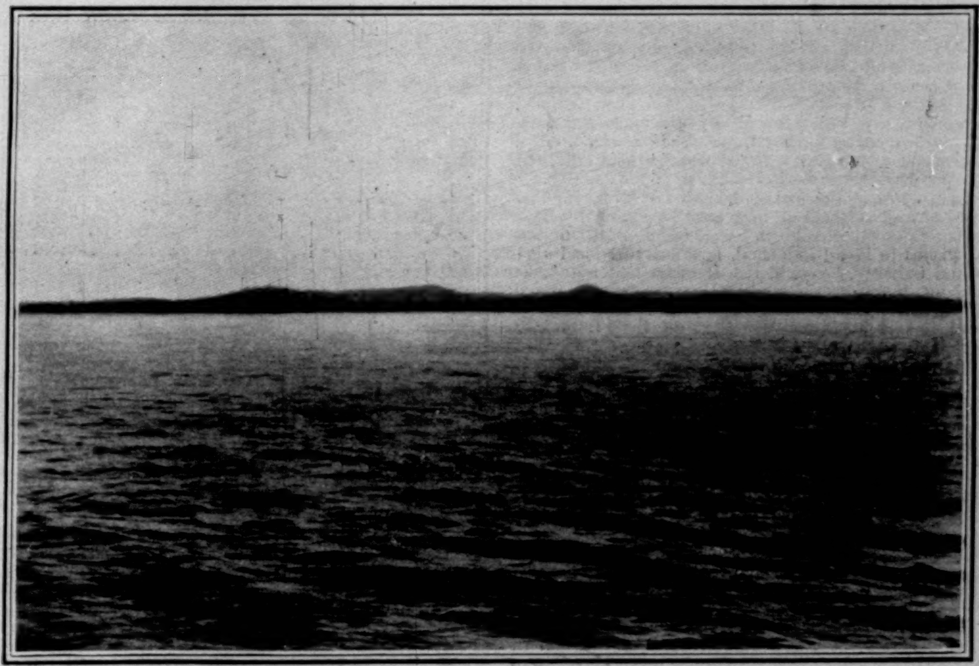
No. 5
DAM
OCHOA
LOCK No. 4
DAM
DAM
RIO SAN CARLOS
RIO SAN JUAN

E NICARAGUA CANAL AS PLANNED.

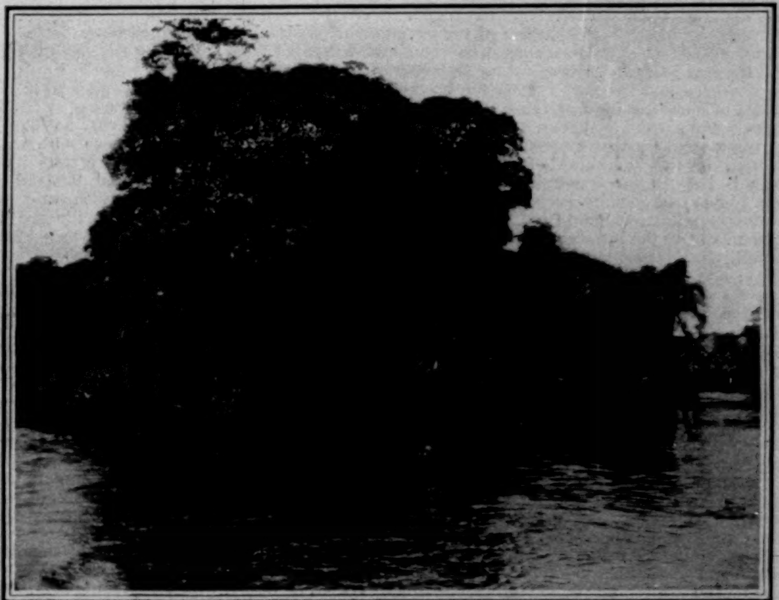
the Route adopted by the Maritime Canal Company where it varies from that recommended by the Nicaragua Canal Commission.

NATIVES—NEGRO AND INDIAN TYPES.

Photograph by J. W. G. Walker.


LAKE NICARAGUA—ABOUT THREE MILES OFF-SHORE.

LOOKING UP SAN JUAN RIVER.


HEAD OF BALAS RAPIDS, SAN JUAN RIVER.

CH IT WILL PASS, AND THE PEOPLE ALONG ITS ROUTE.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

# HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

## BY CASPAR WHITNEY

### IX.—INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS

THERE are three serious hinderances to the industrial development of Hawaii—(1) large individual holdings of land; (2) contract labor; (3) exorbitant transportation rates, inter-island as well as between the islands and the mainland.

Until one has studied the situation deeply enough to have mastered its ailments, one wonders how it is that Hawaii, with a climate unexcelled, and a soil capable of producing the majority of both temperate and tropical products, nevertheless imports the bulk of its food. Although in the fifties, and a bit later, Hawaii supplied the Pacific coast with wheat and potatoes, it now spends abroad over one million dollars annually for food deficits of man and beast, the greater proportion of which could be and should be raised on the islands. Of this amount nearly $300,000 goes for hay and grain, and $80,000 for dried fish, although the waters surrounding the islands teem with fish!

But perhaps the most surprising importation is that of fresh fruits, to the amount of $17,000, although the possibilities of Hawaii's fruit yield, if properly developed, are limited only by the needs of a continent. Never is there frost in the islands below an altitude of 5000 feet, so practically all tropical fruits are possible, even the papya, the pomelo, the alligator-pear. There is no limit to the banana possibilities—the banana, which, with dishevelled top, is found even wild (though non-productive in that state) all over the islands—and yet the annual export ($75,000) does not equal the importation of dried fish. Pineapples could be raised in sufficient quantities to supply the United States, yet the actual export ($14,000) is several thousand dollars less than the fruit imports from California. And these two products stand respectively fifth and seventh on Hawaii's export list, and neither industry is progressing prosperously. Indeed, the banana industry has rather declined, the 1897 export being $50,000 behind that of 1896, and $25,000 less than the smallest year since 1893.

All industrial thought in Hawaii is for sugar and rice and coffee. Island residents have been sugar-mad for a dozen years, and are rapidly becoming demented over coffee. Meantime all the other industries—existing and possible—languish or are entirely neglected, and the unique economic and social relations on the islands rather tend to nourish the existing condition.

All Hawaii is practically divided into great baronial estates, so to say, with a few lords of the land, their time-servers (the contract laborers), and a comparative handful of independent laborers, who are wage-earners only, and no factor whatever in the development of the country.

For instance, all the land on the island of Kauai is either owned outright or held on long lease by six men. Even if a native or other resident had a few hundred dollars and wished to invest in a small farm or other local agricultural industry, he could not do so on that island; he could not purchase the land. I met a man in Kauai who for several years unsuccessfully endeavored to buy from its owner just enough land in the little settlement where he lived to build his shop upon, but was compelled finally to build on leased ground.

A few of these large landholdings are owned outright—as, for instance, the Bishop estate, which includes nearly 600,000 acres, and is scattered over several islands of the group—but most of them are held on long lease from the government. The majority of these leases were given in 1883, and their average life is thirty years, though those on Oahu are mostly for forty years, and many of them have the privilege proviso of renewing for periods of equal length.

Thus the agricultural expansion, if any there is to be, must be brought about through the reclaiming of government land, now mostly unsurveyed and overrun with jungle. And, to be even more explicit, I may add that the island of Hawaii is the only one offering material possibilities in this direction. Whatever land there may be on Oahu, Maui, or Kauai—not already owned or under long lease—may be put down at once as being unworthy of consideration. In Hawaii, however, the government has been making every effort within its means to open the country for settlement, though as yet the demand is only for coffee-land, and the small farmer has not begun to arrive. Meantime the Agricultural Bureau of the government is making intelligent effort to further what there are of the small farming interests. In the sale of all lands nowadays a forest reservation to conserve moisture is required, with the idea of checking the fast-dying forests of the islands. Foresters and gardeners are employed planting and caring for young trees, and every year a considerable number are used in the reclothing of the denuded country. Money is lacking for a suitable experimenting station, but a nursery has finally been established at Honolulu, and seeds are imported and tried, and, by way of encouragement, sent to the farmers in the islands.

Intelligent direction and effort are needed, and some energy; and there is needed, too, material encouragement to attract small-farmer immigration.

In Honolulu—and there is not another settlement save Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, that has any urban pretensions—there are the usual shops and mercantile houses having no direct connection with the plantations. But there is no class developing the country on its own account—none between the great estate-holders and the hireling tillers of the soil. This is why the natural agricultural advantages of Hawaii have been neglected. The "barons" turned to sugar as the most profitable product, and the others, though always earning a good wage, had neither land to cultivate nor capital to invest.

The physical characteristics of the islands are similar. Each is divided by a ridge, or backbone, of mountains, with climate and products on one side differing somewhat from those on the other. The windward side is usually cooler, though more tropical, because moister. Especially is this true of the island of Hawaii—very considerably the largest of the group—where the contrast of the windward with the leeward side is as that of perpetual spring with dry and dusty summer. The forests are broken by chasms, and now and again you come to deep conical pits that in times past have been active craters. The coast-lines are very irregular, particularly those to the windward, that are ragged and picturesque. Therefore there are few harbors, though there are numerous channels in reefs affording entrance into basins. Honolulu has really the only completed harbor of the islands where steamers land at a pier; elsewhere the small inter-island steamers lie out in an open road, and freight and passengers are landed in small boats, sometimes through the surf, on to the beach—more frequently at a small landing. Speaking generally of the islands, the soil yields very little spontaneously, but under irrigation seems capable of producing heavily, and almost anything fitting that is planted in it. The quality of the soil, however, varies considerably. There are great stretches of land that seem unsuited for any purpose save pasturage, and other great stretches apparently not suited for even that. In other places again the soil is formed of decomposed volcanic matter, sand, mud, and ashes, and is very fertile. But the richest land of the islands is in the valleys, which for ages have been receiving the débris and rains of the mountains, the accumulated deposits of vegetable mould, and are exceedingly rich and productive. The number of these valleys is limited, however, and they are entirely given over to the rice and taro industries.

BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Rice is for export, and taro is the bread and meat of the native. Both industries are now almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese, whereas formerly taro was as exclusively cultivated by the native. The rice-fields, with their little white fluttering flags planted at frequent intervals over the ripening crop, and the tiny yet noisy wooden windmills to scare off the robber birds, everywhere mark the valley landscape. While the rice-threshing floors, rolled out hard and clean and smooth—light-colored squares in the deep green surrounding—are to be seen in every fair-sized patch of rice cultivation. Now and again one sees also even a primitive mill to supply local consumption. The Chinamen get two crops in the year from their fields, for which they pay annual rent of from $25 to $30 an acre, including water.

Taro is a cross between a yam and a sweet-potato, and one square mile of it, so it is said, will feed 15,000 natives. Certainly no one who has eaten of it would question the statement, for it is very substantial, and the superabundance of adipose tissue with which the average native is burdened surely suggests its nourishing properties. There is upland and lowland taro, the former growing dry, and the latter in water, like rice, and it may be cooked in various ways, like the potato, though the native takes it most frequently baked, and as *poi*.

*Poi* is the national dish of Hawaii, and has the great advantage of being cheap and fattening—formerly the native took as much pride in his particular brew of *poi* as some good housewives do in their biscuits, but now, alas! his pride has departed, and this industry too has fallen into the hands of ever-watchful John Chinaman.

And the making of *poi* is no easy task—perhaps that explains the natives' retirement from the work. Taro is a tough fleshy root, and in the first *poi*-making stage it must be ground to a flour. This could, of course, be done by machinery, but that would not be Hawaiian—therefore, as in the old days, the tough root is brought to the desired condition by a stone pestle and a wooden—sometimes stone—trough. After its reduction to flour it is then worked into a thinnish paste, and if the best article of *poi* is desired, it is permitted to ferment before being served in the calabash, as the wooden bowl—the only dish of the natives—is called. Usually one calabash answers for a family, which, squatting around the common dish, feeds by skilfully gathering a quantity of *poi* on the fingers, and then with equal dexterity transferring the mess to the mouth. According to its consistency, it may be "one finger," "two finger," or "three finger" *poi*, the index-finger being equal to the task of the feeding if the *poi* is quite thick, and three fingers required when it is at its thinnest. It is an acquired taste to the foreigners, but many of them appear to acquire it readily enough—the white Hawaiians take their *poi* and *squid* (as the dried tentacles of the octopus are called) with apparently as much relish as the native. It was tasteless to my palate, unless perhaps it suggested starch. The modern-made *poi*, unless you get into the house of an old native who has not lost pride in the art, is lavender in color, but the real article is pink—the color demanded of all *poi* formerly served to royalty.

Something might be accomplished towards supplying at least the home market with vegetables and fruit were the inter-island freight rates not so high as to be almost prohibitive, and certainly very discouraging. It costs $4 50 per head of cattle, weighing from 300 to 400 pounds, to ship them from Hawaii to Oahu, 150 to 190 miles; it is 70 miles to Maui from Honolulu, and 2100 from San Francisco to Honolulu, yet California supplies the Honolulu market with the bulk of its potatoes, notwithstanding California raises two crops a year, while in Hawaii they ripen the year round, butter also comes from the Pacific coast, since island butter is 50 cents a pound, while the California article can be sold at Honolulu for 45 cents. Considering the farming opportunities on every hand, the Hawaiian prices are extravagant. Eggs, for instance, are 45 cents a dozen—sometimes 60 cents, sometimes so low as 30 cents; flour is $1 50 per sack of 50 pounds; oranges, 25 cents a dozen; grapes, 15 cents a pound (four pounds for 25 cents can be bought in any San Francisco fruit-shop); strawberries, [illegible]0 cents a pound (not so cheap as we can buy in New York). In grain the prices are still higher—oats are 2¼ cents per pound, and corn 2 cents. Lumber is $20 per 1000 square feet.

With its present population of great landholders, natives (of small means, if not impecunious), and contract laborers, little, if anything, can be expected in the way of general industrial development, and that little just now is making in the direction of coffee, the only apparent opening for the settler of smaller means. There is land enough of a kind to be had, but there are none of the small-farmer type of settler already in the islands with sufficient means, and energy to utilize it, and the land of itself is not sufficiently valuable to attract that class of immigrant from abroad.

Until some effort succeeds in setting such a wave of immigration towards the islands, Hawaii will continue, as it is now, the most expensive of civilized countries in which to live.

Quite a number of natives and half-castes and others, acting under the special homestead provision in the Land Act of 1895, took up small holdings, which, in the majority of cases, have finally passed out of the possession of the original settlers. But these, in almost every instance, are merely homes, with perhaps a garden only large enough to supply the needs of the family. They take no part in an industrial movement. And so what native fruit and vegetables do find their way to the markets are grown by the Portuguese and the Chinamen, who rent small fertile patches that are to be spared from the rice-fields in the valleys, or are to be found on the edges of Honolulu.

The land held in large holdings is either devoted to sugar or to cattle, or, if suited to neither of these industries, it lies fallow. There is quite a number of cattle, especially on the island of Hawaii, but the industry is not followed to its limit. The ranges are covered with a short, only fairly nutritious hilo grass, but the cattle seem to keep in very fair condition, though the best do not thrive in low latitudes, and the native stock is never so large nor the best beef. Hawaii could greatly increase both the quality and quantity of its cattle-raising by pursuing the industry more intelligently and less extravagantly. Corn is necessary to put the stock on the market in prime condition, but although there is scarcely a cattle-range where corn would not flourish at a very small outlay of either time or money, the cattle-men get their corn from California and pay two cents a pound for it. Even as it is, the local markets are all supplied with native beef, and hides are fourth on the list of exports, and increasing.

Sheep is an industry carried on vigorously, but confined to a couple of islands, largely waterless and unsuited to other industries, and to a few individuals with large investments. It is decidedly a limited industry, though it can hardly be said to be falling behind, the export of wool remaining sixth on the Hawaiian list.

Both cattle and sheep were, by-the-way, introduced to the Hawaiian Islands by Vancouver in 1793-4, and for the first ten years were declared *tabu*.

With the exception of such varieties as may require frost to give them the desired flavor, all the fruits and vegetables of the temperate, and most of those of the tropic, zones have at times flourished in the Hawaiian Islands. Under intelligent cultivation and (in some sections) with needed irrigation, the soil apparently has no limit in productiveness. And although practically all the fruits, and certainly all the vegetables, of Hawaii were originally imported, yet they thrive equally as well as at home.

Tobacco of an excellent quality has been produced, tea grown, hemp (sisal) raised and found of satisfactory fibre, and even cotton produced. Indeed, cotton from 1863 to 1866 became quite an item, in a small way, of Hawaiian commerce. In 1866, 22,289 lbs. were exported, but the industry declined with the resumption of activity in the Southern States of the United States, and ceased in 1874. With new markets opening in Japan and China, Hawaii as a cotton-producer is a possibility worth looking into.

There are few destructive insects in Hawaii, but those few are industrious and deadly. There is the Japanese beetle, which has killed all the roses; a species of caterpillar, which eats grass to its very roots, and voracious worms in all newly turned fields. But Hawaii is well prepared to fight the insect pests by having in government employ Professor Albert Koebele, an entomologist of marked ability, whom California was short-sighted enough to let slip because of a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy rampant in its Agricultural Bureau. There is, however, another pest—lantana—not an insect, that, while not so insidious, is perhaps as bothersome. Lantana, like most of Hawaii's ills, is of foreign origin. It is a low vinelike bush of utmost toughness that, once having gained a hold, sweeps over the country like wild-fire. Several planters told me that keeping lantana under control was one of their considerable items of expense.

Now as to climate. A great deal is said by certain white residents in favor of the Hawaiian climate when the islands are under discussion as a resort for tourists and other pleasure or health seekers; and a great deal is said by the same gentlemen to its discredit when discussed as a field for white, and especially for American, labor.

In point of fact, the climate of Hawaii is perhaps not excelled anywhere else on earth. Large enough as the islands are to have a character of their own, and still in no way to neutralize the peculiarly desirable quality of oceanic environment, the Hawaiian climate is midway between temperate and tropical; tender, yet not enervating; breezy, though not boisterous; with sunshine from which you need no protection, and a rainfall that does not become monotonous.

A veritable land of sunshine and breezes, whose temperature you may vary as you choose from sea-level up to Mauna Kea (13,825 feet) or Mauna Loa (13,675). You may leave one side of an island in a rain-storm, and find sunshine on the other; but though there is considerable variety in this respect, the temperature is about uniform, and at sea-level is 74° Fahrenheit. Taken by the year, this average does not vary over a degree one way or the other; taken by the month, the average of the coldest month is 69°, and of the warmest 78°. The extreme lowest temperature is 50°, the highest 90°; and either of these figures has been reached only once in the last dozen years. The average daily range at Honolulu is 11°, and its usual temperature is several degrees cooler than the average of a number of other cities in the same latitude—notably Havana.

The northeast trade-winds are the saving feature of the Hawaiian Islands, imparting uniform temperature, healthfulness, and tonicity. The record for fifteen years shows that the least number of trade-wind days per year was 225—the greatest 301—the mean 258. January has a normal average of 14 days of trades, which, as the sun moves north, increase until the normal average reaches 29¼ days in July and August, and then begins a corresponding diminution through the autumn months to the end of the year.

Oahu and Kauai, of the group, are mostly influenced by these trade-winds, which may there be said to blow for nine months of the year. Maui, which is larger, has a few places to leeward, like the town of Lahaina, for instance, where there is a regular land and sea breeze; and Hawaii has a land and sea breeze all the year round. The winter is the least desirable part of the Hawaiian year, for at this time the northeast trade-winds are interrupted, and winds from the south and west often prevail for weeks. The south wind, which the natives aptly call the "sick wind," brings rain and often ailment to susceptible foreigners; but there are never hurricanes, and only rarely thunder-storms. This is the time, too, of the "Kona storms" (*makani Kona*), which come out of the south and west, and sometimes for a week hold a section in the gloom of rain and wind before they finally wear off to the northwest and the country smiles again. The most delightful months of the year are April, May, June, July, and September. The yearly average rainfall of Oahu is about 40 inches; of Maui, 25 to 30; of Kauai, 55; and on Hawaii, with its dry side and its very wet side, it varies so much as to necessitate more detailed figures; in the Kona coffee belt, on the dry side, the average rainfall is about 60 inches; in the Olaa district it is 175 inches; in the Hilo forest, 200 inches; and immediately around the town of Hilo, from 130 to 150 inches.

What particularly impressed me in the Hawaiian climate—and I cite my experience because I do not, as a rule, care for these too balmy climes—was the absence of an enervating quality. Some say that such an influence does attend upon long residence on the islands, but my investigations suggest that only white women who never take exercise are so affected. The Hawaiian-born children of foreign parents bloom like the foliage under which they play; it would be difficult indeed to improve on the physique of the boys and young men born of white parents in Hawaii, whom I saw in the racing-shells, in the yachts, in swimming, and on the streets of Honolulu. Those in the United States who really wish to see what Hawaiian climate does for children of white parentage should view the members of the "Hawaiian Club" at Yale or at Harvard. It is a notable fact that the white-born Hawaiians who have come to American universities have been much above the average in physique, as the athletic records attest; and I have in mind four sons of one distinguished family that have come to Yale, whose physical magnificence would boom any climate or stir the pride of any mother's heart, wherever it beat.

Men and women who take no exercise find after a time semi-tropical climates enervating. It is the law of the human system and of the land.

It is natural to conclude this chapter with a word or so on the islands as a field of venture for the individual immigrant.

Let me say at the outset that Hawaii is no land of promise for indigent adventurers; neither is there here an agricultural bonanza. The islands can easily support a very much greater number of people than now live upon them, but it will not be until there has been a decided readjustment of the land, labor, and transportation questions.

The great industry is the production of sugar, which requires large capital. The rice-industry is in the hands of the Chinese, and there is no public sugar or rice land to be had. The coffee industry is really the only one offering immediate opportunities to the immigrant, but for the development of a coffee-plantation of even moderate size some capital is needed; land cannot be had now for perhaps less than $50 an acre, and it would take $30 per acre more to clear it, not to mention the knowledge required, or the cultivation of the trees for five years, until some adequate return is had.

There are opportunities in fruit-growing—if the steamer rates are ever lowered—and in fruit-canning; but these also require capital. There is a field of endeavor in raising grapes, oranges, lemons, vegetables—which now come from California, because no one supplies the Hawaiian market—but all these also take some capital. Not only capital, but brains and industry and skill. The government is surveying as rapidly as possible land that is to be thrown open to settlement, but it is put on the market slowly, and never in quantities sufficient for any considerable number of new-comers.

The new lands on the island of Hawaii are off the (at present) one road, although other roads are soon to be constructed. The low-lying flat lands with abundant water-supply are all taken up. There does remain a considerable area to be disposed of as surveys are completed and as old leases expire, principally lands suited to coffee cultivation. Small farming, as I have said, is greatly handicapped by the high inter-island transportation rates.

With this data in hand, gathered by my personal tour of the islands, the best advice I can give to those looking Hawaiiwards is to reiterate that offered by Mr. J. F. Brown, the public-lands agent:

Don't go to Hawaii as a sort of forlorn hope, without experience, without money—trusting to good luck.

Don't go to plant coffee without necessary capital.

Don't expect to find a country where hard work, care, and economy are not necessary.

Don't go without getting reliable information in advance.

But if you do go, after finally considering the matter, and take experience and energy and sufficient capital to insure you against want and enable you to study the situation on the ground before making a final decision, you will be warmly welcomed; and what has been a kindly country to others may also prove so to you.

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# AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN.

*By Julian Ralph*

### V.—THE HEIGHT OF THE VICEROY'S MAGNIFICENCE

I HAVE, almost narrowly, described the present state and life of the Viceroy of India and his queenly American Vicereine. Now for one last new feature that has been left out: a Viceroy's tours of his empire, when, as at no other time and in no other way, he more than reflects the majesty of his sovereign.

"I may tell you," said a person close to even the secrets of the palaces at Calcutta and Simla, "that Lord Curzon will make tours in state over most if not all of India, beginning during the next cold weather" (October to March). "He does not think enough has been done to remind the people of the wealth and majesty of the sovereign he represents, so that when he makes his tours he will do so in something more like the old grand way."

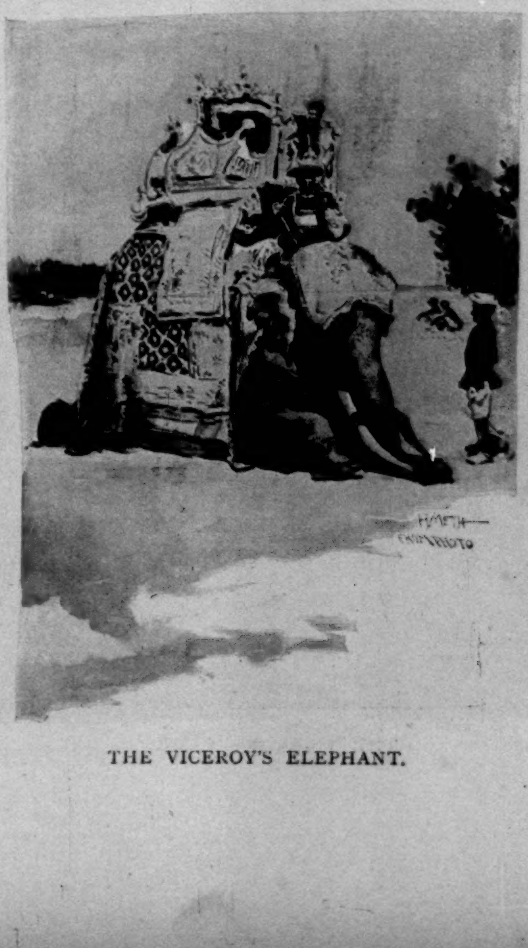
"The old grand way!" How those words stirred me! I recollected that an English nobleman once described to me his visit to a relative who was Viceroy, during which stay he accompanied the Viceroy on a state progress through a part of the empire. He told me that the Viceroy carried with him two cities of tents, one of which was always packed up and hurried forward after he had spent a night in it, while he journeyed forward to find its duplicate ready and waiting at the end of each day's progress. The size of each city's great dining-tent, its elaborate outward decoration and internal hangings, the splendor of each city's main pavilion, or audience-tent, the wonderful comforts and conveniences of the dwelling-tents, with which were carried every day the finest furniture, carpets, hangings, chandeliers, baths, and even minor ornaments. The Viceroy received like an emperor, dined like one, and rested like a man of leisure at home in London, in a tent within a tent and fitted like a mansion. Where it was possible, grass and flowers grew about the moving city. I remember, electric bells swelled its comforts, and a host of servants swarmed with it, these being doubled, like the canvas cities themselves. Peopling all this the more completely were the body-guard, the military, the bejewelled princes of the country, and, with them, their resplendent courtiers.

I recalled these memories aloud to my friend, and he said the description coupled some features of a fixed assemblage and some of a tour when governors and other high officials joined the Viceroy. Then indeed the canvas houses formed veritable cities. He believed, too, that no troops accompanied the Viceroy except to join him when he came to a garrisoned city. A viceregal progress by itself, he thought, would bring into use the great Audience Pavilion, or Throne-Tent, the dining-tent, the dwelling-tent, and then a number of lesser tents for possible guests, for the aides, the body-guard, the servants, the kitchen. Even then, he said, it was doubtful whether anything comparable with such a progress is witnessable anywhere else on earth.

I have an idea—indeed, I think I have heard—that as the viceroys travel nowadays—when they possess the wisdom to profit by the Oriental love of show—so have the native kings made their formal rounds among their vassal and their friendly neighbors from time without end—that is to say, without known beginning. The earliest account I have found of this splendor in English official life in the East is in Thomas Twining's honest and able account of his travels in Hindostan a century ago.* Lord Wellesley, the same who built the present palace at Calcutta and modelled it after the country house of the Curzons in Derbyshire, where he had been a guest—Wellesley, who was Governor-General, was on a visit to some provinces the English had got from the Nabob of Oude. Mr. Twining arrived, had a tent put at his disposal, and was invited to dinner. He says he found there a large party of military officers of the Governor-General's suite and of the battalions that accompanied him. They were in a very large tent, to which the food was brought from the cooking-tents by a long train of servants, each bearing a dish. Behind his lordship's chair were two dismounted troopers, with drawn swords in their hands and pistols in their girdles. Others guarded the doorways of the great tent. The marquis wore the splendid uniform of captain-general, and all the others were in uniform and wore their swords. "Notwithstanding his lordship's known fondness for parade and splendor," says Twining, "the brilliancy and profusion of the dinner table surprised me. Costly chandeliers of cut glass were suspended over it, and it was covered with beautiful porcelain and glass-ware, and with dishes and wines as varied and abundant as at his lordship's famed entertainments at the Government Palace in Calcutta. It was difficult to imagine how all these things could be packed and transported every day from one halting-place to another." When Wellesley left the table and tent he paused to give instructions to his *maître d'hôtel*, whom he had brought from Europe. He was followed by all the company, surrounded by a great number of attendants, and preceded by a servant, very handsomely dressed, "who, with a loud voice and emphatic gesticulations, proclaimed his titles, of which he had provided himself with a long string, consisting of double and triple worded epithets, in the full license of Asiatic exaggeration. Thus escorted, his lordship reached the opening in the wall which surrounded his sleeping-tent and entered it, followed only by his domestic servants, his company separating outside and retiring to their respective quarters."

At daybreak the inconceivable noise and confusion of "breaking camp" began, and Twining, awakened by it, got into his palanquin and moved on. The road was full of cavalry, infantry, artillery, camp equipage, and stores. Ahead, on an Arab steed, surrounded by his staff, and cantering over the plain, rode the Napoleon of the East, the Governor-General. At ten o'clock in the morning all came upon another camp, in complete readiness, with the Governor-General's staff standing about one of the largest tents. Upon entering this, Twining saw breakfast spread with the same sumptuous profusion as had characterized the previous night's dinner. "There were tea, coffee, newly baked bread, fish, rice, ham, fruits and preserves of different kinds. There was also the usual number of guards and servants, and these not in dusty clothes, as after a morning's march, but fresh and clean. These arrangements were effected by means of double sets of tents, servants, and everything, of which one set was sent forward the day before." Breakfast over, Wellesley marched under a great umbrella to his private tent, attended by everybody, and preceded by his herald announcing his titles. Twining says that, being invited in by the marquis, he "entered the enclosure with him, and came to the most magnificent tent I had ever seen," but he does not describe it beyond this sentence. At the close he says: "As I was walking in the bazar of the camp before dinner, the Governor-General came by on one of the largest elephants I ever saw, which the driver was hurrying at a great rate. Other elephants and horses with the staff and escort followed. His Excellency had been shooting."

That is the first stunning viceregal progress of which I have read. Mr. Talboys Wheeler describes the last affair of a similar sort in his *History of the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi*. The hero and central



THE VICEROY'S ELEPHANT.

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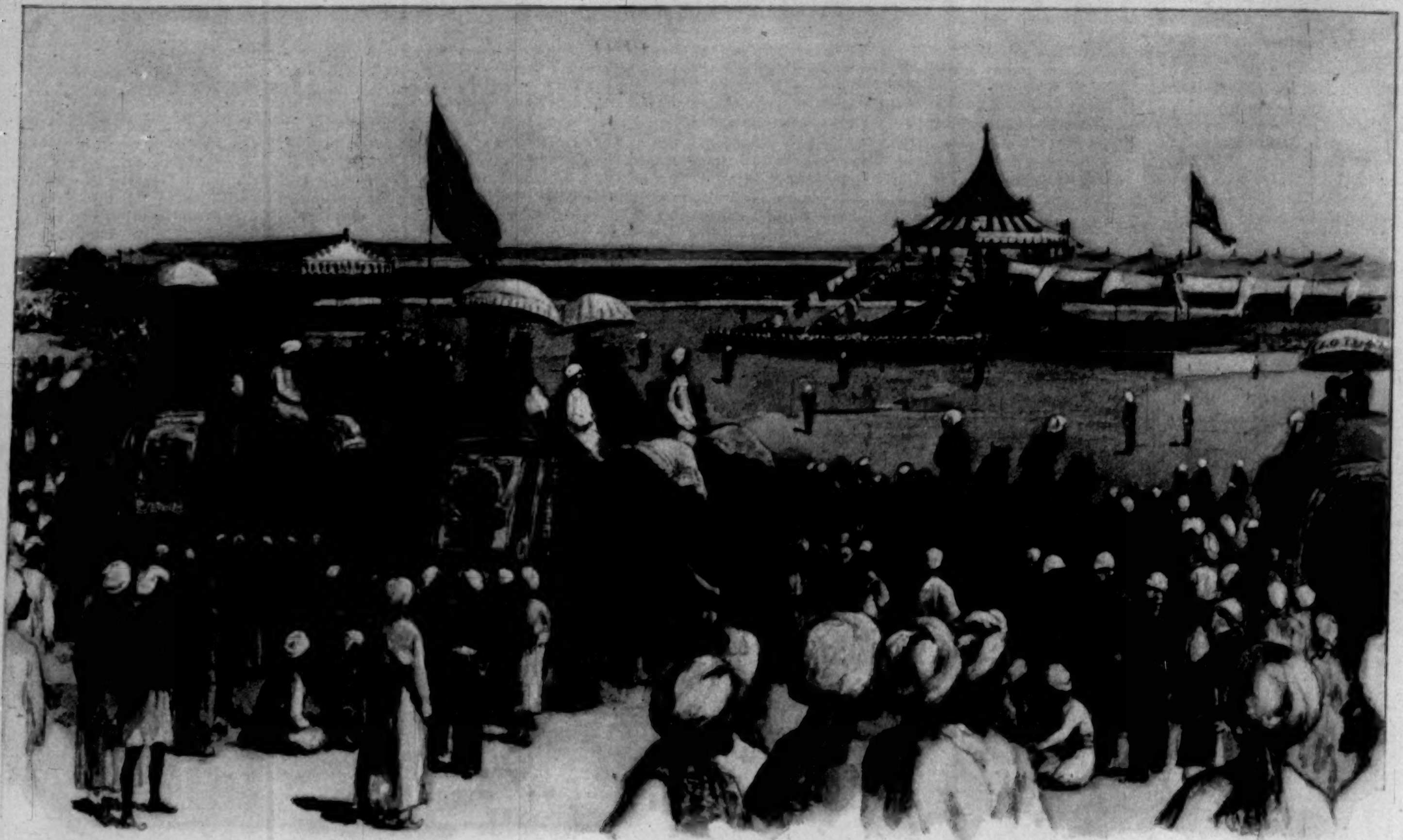
* *Travels in India a Hundred Years Ago.* London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.



THE BIG TENT OF THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE.

figure was Lord Lytton. The year was 1877. The occasion was the assumption by Queen Victoria of her new "style" as Empress of India. It was at Delhi that the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, decided to hold an Imperial Assemblage which should be attended by all the heads of British administrations and the ruling chiefs and native nobility, and at which the new title of the Queen-Empress should be proclaimed.

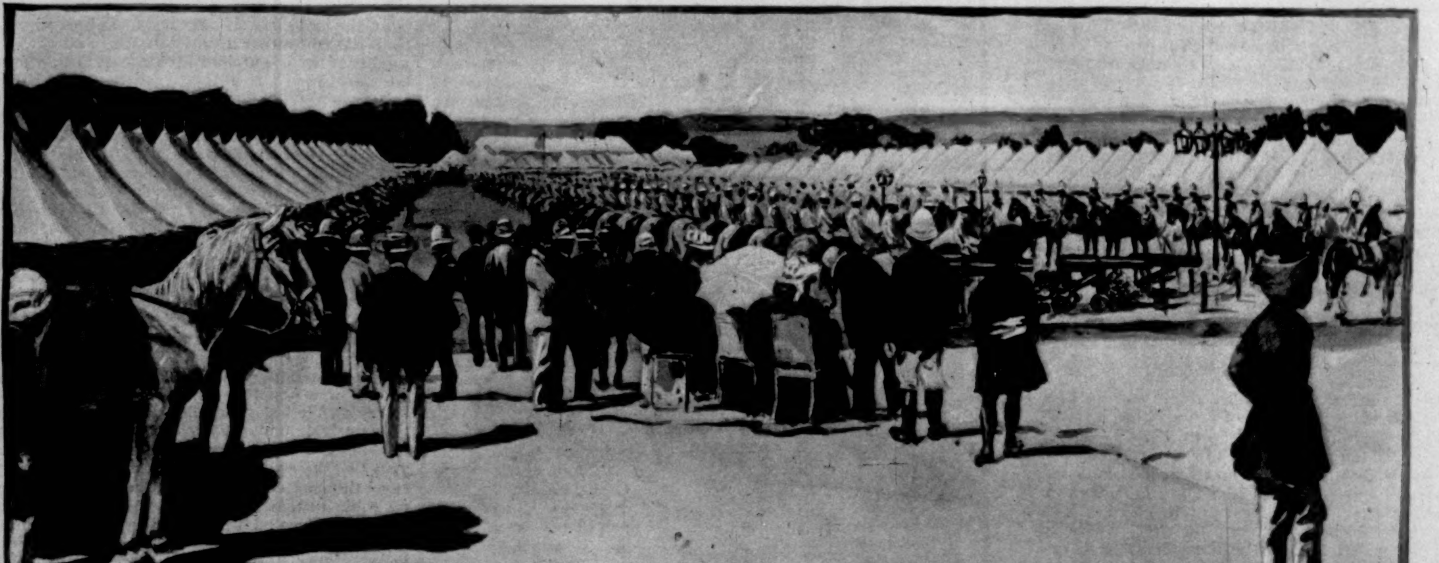
"A city of tents and pavilions was set up on the surrounding plain," says Mr. Wheeler. "The English camps ordinarily consisted of two rows of tents, forming a wide street, with a pavilion at one end. In some the streets were laid out with turf and flowers; in others the streets were partly covered with straw. In the camp of the Viceroy the tents were canvas houses; the pavilion was a canvas palace. The Hindoo and Mohammedan camps were of a different character. Each chief was left to arrange his camp after his own fashion. Many were doubtless of an ancient type or resembled the camps of Moguls. Some were radiant in blue and scarlet, surmounted by gold knobs and other ornaments. Most of them were enclosed from curious gazers by walls of colored cloth, supported by bamboo canes tipped with golden knobs or steel spear heads."

The Viceroy's Throne Pavilion was colored blue, red, and gold, a hexagon, each side being 40 feet long, and the whole 224 feet around. It was raised, surrounded by a gilt railing, and entered by steps with gilt rails. Above it all was a canopy, and on that, resting on a cushion, was the imperial crown. From that fell a graceful drapery of red cloth embroidered with gold. The canopy and the pavilion were adorned with friezes of colored satin and a valance worked with armorial bearings, and at each corner by shields and crowns and drapings. In front was a semicircular tent of blue, red, and gold, 800 feet long, and divided into 36 rooms, 20 feet by 30 feet, each with a separate entrance. Here again were ornamental pillars, bearing fleurs-de-lis and golden lance heads, crowns and rich drapings. The floor was clothed with red; the chairs were blue; a golden railing ran along the great tent's sides.

"Roundabout the native camps were motley groups of horsemen in gay attire, carrying banners; camelmen were moving in all directions; so, too, were magnificent elephants, variously caparisoned. Bands were often playing, or tomtoms were sounding, and yet there was none of that noise and turmoil which would have accompanied such gatherings in Western countries." Lord Lytton came on December 23, eight days before the day for the proclamation. Says Mr. Wheeler: "The whole city was astir. There were strangers from every land, representatives of every race. There were stalwart Afghans, with muscular frames and ruddy faces; there were Beluchis from Khelat, with long black locks and flowing beards; there were Bengalese in shawls and round flat hats; Hindoos in quilted jackets of green and yellow; Burmese in silk and satin; Siamese in European uniforms; there was every variety of color and costume, from the cheap calicoes and cloths of the multitude to the jewelled turbans and rich attire of Rajput and Mahratta chieftains.

"Long lines of elephants were ranged here and there, arrayed in gorgeous trappings and howdahs. The housings were embroidered cloths of gold and silver or radiant in blue and scarlet. The howdahs were like thrones of gold and silver. Many were richly chased and highly ornamented with symbols. The war-elephants had steel points on their tusks, shields of bright steel on their foreheads, and chain-mail hanging down their trunks. They were surmounted by shot-proof howdahs of hardened steel. The warriors in the howdahs sat in complete armor. They carried spears, swords, battle-axes, and muskets; their belts were stuck with pistols, knives, and daggers. Beside the elephants rode bands of horsemen arrayed in mediæval chain-armor. The officers were distinguished by breast and back pieces of burnished plate-armor. They wore plumes on their helmets. Plumes also waved over the heads of their horses. Some were of feathers; others were of gold and silver."

But why continue a description whose very gorgeousness tires the mind? Enough has been written to explain the nature of a viceregal progress one hundred years ago and of a viceregal pageant twenty-two years ago. Since Lord Lytton's day the era of desk-work and of night oil has had its run. It has done little good; at least it has gained little for English rule in the direction in which that rule needs strengthening. That direction is the way to the Indian heart. One way to that is through the Indian's eyes and his fancy. Lord Curzon knows this. The finest tents that were used at Delhi, and others quite as fine, are in store at Cawnpore, ready for his command to bring them forth, to set them up, to fill them with the glorious, variegated, chromatic costumes of his satellites and his subjects. He will begin their use before the year ends. And if it should fall out—as Heaven send it may not!—that he be called upon, during his five years' reign, to proclaim a new ruler over India, be certain that when the splendid function ends it will rank first in India's history, and this of Delhi, of which I have told, will seem to have been a mere rehearsal for it.



THE VICEROY'S CAMP.

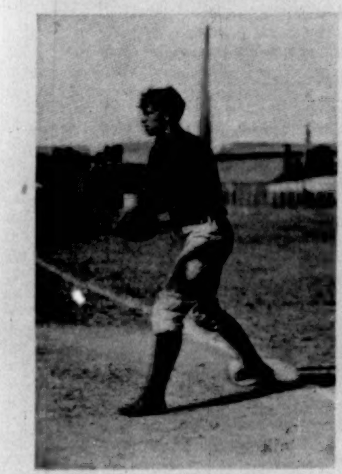
# AMATEUR SPORT

THE Western Inter-collegiate track-athletic championships, held in Chicago June 3, resulted in a somewhat unexpected victory for University of Chicago, Michigan having previously been conceded the honor.

Two things went far toward marring the meet beyond the power of excellent contests to redeem it—poor condition of a very poor track, and the disgraceful incidents connected with the half-mile run.

| Events.<br>1st place counts 5 points;<br>2d place counts 3 points;<br>3d place counts 1 point. | Chicago. | Notre Dame | Michigan. | Wisconsin. | Illinois. | Drake. | Iowa. | Grinnell. | Northwestern. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100-yard dash............ | 5 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| 220-yard dash............ | 5 | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 120-yard hurdles......... | 0 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| 220-yard hurdles......... | 1 | 0 | 5 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 440-yard run ............ | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 880-yard run............. | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| One-mile run............. | 5 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| One-mile walk............ | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Pole vault............... | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Running high jump ..... | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| 16-lb. shot put.......... | 0 | 6 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 16-lb. hammer throw .... | 5 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Discus throw ............ | 0 | 5 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 440-yard bicycle ........ | 4 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| One-mile bicycle......... | 6 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Running broad jump .... | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total............. | 46 | 33 | 27 | 14 | 9 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 |

It is extraordinary that Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and a score of Middle-Western cities besides, have far better immediate facilities for such an event than Chicago. Yet those who saw the N.Y.A. C.-C. A. A. dual meet and the National Championships last June on the ridiculously inadequate track at Parkside will not question my statement. Perhaps the completion of Marshall Field next year will supply the present deficiency.



GELLENDER (PENN.),
Captain and First Base.

HUTCHING STOPPING A LOW FLY AT THIRD.

The athletic field at Ravenswood, where the championships were decided, has a quarter-mile track upon which a cinder path has been laid, not built, with no banking. The violent rain of the early morning and the hot sun of a few hours later had given the loose back stretch about the consistency of a feather bed when the races were begun. No preliminary contests had been held the day before, and in the longer runs the very large fields were an immense handicap to good time. These facts should be borne in mind in making a fair comparison of records.

SUMMARY.

120-yard hurdles.—Fisher (Grinnell), McLean (Michigan), and O'Dea (Wisconsin) tied for first place; points divided. Time, 16 1-5 sec. W. I. A. A. record, 15 4-5 sec.

100-yard dash.—Burroughs, Chicago, first; Corcoran, Notre Dame, second; Jones, Northwestern, third. Time, 10 sec. Record, 9 4-5 sec.

Mile run.—Smith, Chicago, first; Wood, Michigan, second; Conger, Michigan, third. Time, 4 min. 39 4-5 sec. Record, 4 min. 33 sec.

440 yards.—Slack, Chicago, first; Teetzel, Michigan, second; Thomson, Michigan, third. Time, record, 53 sec.

Half-mile.—Maloney, Chicago, first; Mills, Illinois, second; Sturgeon, Northwestern, third. Time, record, 2 min. 6 4-5 sec.

Mile walk.—Hoagland, Illinois, first; Bredsteen, Wisconsin, second; Parker, Chicago, third. Time, record, 7 min. 5 sec.

Discus.—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Lehr, Michigan, second; Cochems, Wisconsin, third. Distance, record, 115 ft. 11 in.

Hammer.—Mortimer, Chicago, first; Staugel, Wisconsin, second; Avery, Michigan, third. Distance, 121 ft. 2 in. Record, 123 ft. 9 1-2 in.

Shot.—Powers, Notre Dame, first; Lehr, Michigan, second; Eggeman, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 40 ft. 5 1-2 in. Record, 44 ft. 3-4 in.

220-yard dash.—Burroughs, Chicago, first; Corcoran, Notre Dame, second; McGowan, Wisconsin, third. Time, 22 4-5 sec. Record, 21 4-5 sec.

220-yard hurdles.—McLean, Michigan, first; O'Dea, Wisconsin, second; Trude, Chicago, third. Time, 27 2-5 sec. Record, 25 3-5 sec.

Mile bicycle race.—Brown, Chicago, first; Baldwin, Michigan, second; Ross, Chicago, third. Time, 2 min. 39 2-5 sec. Record, 2 min. 25 sec.

Quarter-mile bicycle-race.—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; Goodenow, Chicago, second; Brown, Chicago, third. Time, record, 31 2-5 sec.

High jump.—Powers (Notre Dame) and Louis (Iowa) tied for first place; Flournoy, Michigan, third. Height, record, 5 ft. 11 in.

Broad jump.—Holland, Drake, first; Powers, Notre Dame, second; D. Garrett, Illinois, third. Distance, 22 ft. 2.4 in. Record, 22 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Pole vault.—Powers (Notre Dame) and Herschberger (Chicago) tied for first place; Booth, Northwestern, third. Height, 10 ft. 8 in. Record, 11 ft.

IT seems incredible such a disgraceful scene could be possible at college games as that enacted during the half-mile run, which degenerated into a running fight, and precipitated a mêlée in which the referee and one of the contestants were struck and a number of spectators came to blows. Track athletics everywhere have heretofore furnished our most sportsmanlike and least vindictive contests. We have attended college foot-races with an absolute confidence that good sportsmanship would prevail and the best man win—a feeling which baseball and football have not always inspired. Pity indeed that the meanness which is in some men will out to cast discredit upon the otherwise good spirit that rules!

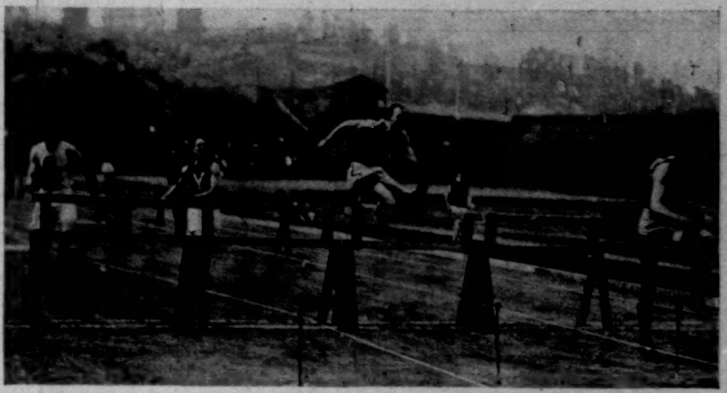
It was generally conceded that of the quarter-mile and half-mile runs, Maloney of Chicago could win whichever he chose. Running in the latter, he was alone for Chicago against three good men from Michigan. One of these had the place next Maloney, and leaped immediately in front of him at the crack of the pistol. Rashly enough, the Chicago man did not attempt to keep out of the traps which were laid for him, but broke through with his arms whenever pocketed, and foul after foul was committed on either side. At the head of the stretch, after a final interchange of hostilities, Maloney broke from his tormentors and had a bruising finish with Mills of Illinois, who had kept outside the scrimmage and run a straight race. Maloney won by an inch. One of the Michigan runners, leaving the track, said that he "had done his dirty work," and was promptly hit by a Chicago partisan. The resulting fracas was a small affair, but none the less infinitely mortifying to every one concerned.

Chicago partisans were on hand in force, and appeared to rule the day. There was repeated evidence of Chicago's bitter feeling against Michigan.

A rule forbids graduates of any competing college officiating, yet this was violated in Raycroft (Chicago) being among the officials. This, and the fact that other Chicago men were more or less frequently on the field, caused much dissatisfaction among Illinois, Wisconsin, and the two Iowa colleges which thought themselves unfairly treated. The feeling between Michigan and Chicago was shown most strongly, and culminated in the wretched episodes mentioned.

There must be instant repudiation of this disgusting wrangle by the universities concerned, and severest discipline visited upon the offenders.

Maloney (Chicago), for his foul work in the quarter and his share in the half, should be forbidden by his university faculty from again representing Chicago; and Barrett, for his foul work in the half, should be similarly treated by Michigan.



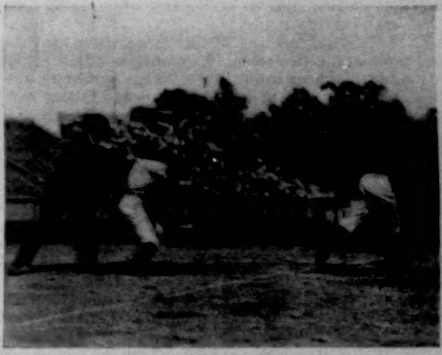
Lewis, 3d. Fincke, 4th. Fox, 2d. Kraenzlein, 1st.

FINISH, INTER-COLLEGIATE HIGH HURDLES.

For the rest—it is a severe lesson in emphasizing the need of competent officials, and of keeping the in-field and track clear of all but necessary and active officials.

A graduate committee is needed, composed of those who are willing to devote more time to arranging for this meet, and who have backbone and unprejudiced eyes. This year's graduate committee took the position that its predecessor was repudiated by three dissenting colleges last year, and hence it would not take duties upon itself save those expressly delegated. It all emphasizes the need for reorganization of the W. I. A. A.

THESE marring incidents aside, however, it is to be said that the meet as a whole gave proof of an improvement in general proficiency more rapid, perhaps, than in any other section of the country. Formerly the results in a large majority of events were foregone conclusions, for the West has been especially prolific in producing stars at cost of average excellence. But this year, save possibly the mile run, there was not a single run-away event. Nothing was conceded on the track, nor was there a single "sure thing" in the field. In nearly every run there was a game fight at the finish between half a dozen closely matched competitors, and in the high-hurdle race the judges had no choice among three finishers. In the field, the points in the high jump and pole vault had to be divided, while the broad jump was won by a half-inch margin. The Kraenzlein of the meet was J. Fred. Powers, of Notre Dame. He participated in every field event save the hammer throw, and won twenty-one points—an unequalled record. He was comfortably first in both the shot put and the discus throw, tied for first in the pole vault and high jump, and was second in the broad jump by the fraction of an inch.



TWO STRIKES ON SUTER.

The meet, therefore, developed more than a usual share of surprises, not least of which was the work of Notre Dame in its first year as a member of the association. Powers was practically her team, yet aside from his efforts 12 points were scored—by Corcoran in the sprints, Gaffney in the bicycle, and Henneman in the discus. This is almost as many as Wisconsin scored, and more than Illinois, while Northwestern was an almost unheard-of factor during the day. Evidently Notre Dame is destined to become an important factor in Middle-Western college sport, and I am especially pleased to note the very great improvement in the character of its teams. There seems now excellent prospect of the promise of adherence to amateur standards being fulfilled.

BEDFORD CAUGHT OUT AT FIRST.

CAMP SCORING.

## TWENTY-FOURTH INTER-COLLEGIATE TRACK-ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS, MANHATTAN FIELD, NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1899.

| Event.<br>1st place, 5 points;<br>2d place, 3 points;<br>3d place, 2 points;<br>4th place, 1 point. | Pennsylvania. | Harvard. | Yale. | Princeton. | Syracuse. | Columbia. | Cornell. | Williams. | Georgetown. | Haverford. | Winner. | Winner's Performance. | Inter-collegiate Record. | | Year made |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100-yard dash | 7 | 1 | | 3 | | | | | | | Tewkesbury,<br>Jarvis,<br>McClain,<br>Quinlan. | 10 s. | * 9 4-5 s. | B. J. Wefers, Georgetown. | 1896 |
| 220-yard dash | 5 | 2 | 3 | | 1 | | | | | | Tewkesbury,<br>Boardman,<br>Quinlan,<br>Waite. | 21 3-5 " | † 21 1-5 " | B. J. Wefers, Georgetown. | 1896 |
| 440-yard run | | | 5 | | | 5 | | | 1 | | Long,<br>Fisher,<br>Luce,<br>Mulligan. | 49 2-5 " | 49 2-5 " | M. W. Long, Columbia. | 1899 |
| 880-yard run | 3 | 5 | 3 | | | | | | | | Burke,<br>Grant,<br>Adams,<br>Brennan. | 1 m. 58 4-5 " | 1 m. 56 4-5 " | Evan Hollister, Harvard. | 1896 |
| 1-mile run | | | 3 | 5 | | | | 3 | | | Cregan,<br>Bray,<br>Spitzer,<br>Smith. | 4 " 25 1-5 " | 4 " 23 2-5 " | G. W. Orton, Pennsylvania. | 1895 |
| 2-mile run | 8 | 2 | | | | | 1 | | | | Grant,<br>Mechling,<br>Foote,<br>Terrance. | 10 " 3 2-5 " | 10 " 3 2-5 " | Alex. Grant, Pennsylvania. | 1899 |
| 120-yard hurdles | 5 | 3 | 1 | | 2 | | | | | | Kraenzlein,<br>Fox,<br>Lewis,<br>Fincke. | 15 2-5 " | 15 2-5 " | A. C. Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania. | 1899 |
| 220-yard hurdles | 6 | 5 | | | | | | | | | Kraenzlein,<br>Morse,<br>Hallowell,<br>Remington. | 23 4-5 " | † 23 3-5 " | A. C. Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania. | 1898 |
| Running high jump | 5 | 3 | ½ | 2 | | | | | | ½ | Baxter,<br>Rice,<br>Carroll,<br>Waller-Conklin.§ | 6 ft. 2 in. | 6 ft. 3 in. | J. D. Winsor, Jr., Pennsylvania. | 1897 |
| Running broad jump | 5 | 2 | | | 4 | | | | | | Kraenzlein,<br>Prinstein,<br>Daly,<br>Whittemore. | 24 " 4 1-2 " | † 24 " 4 1-2 " | A. C. Kraenzlein, Pennsylvania. | 1899 |
| Pole vault | | | 7 | | | | 4 | | | | Clapp,<br>Johnson,<br>Kinzie,<br>Deming. | 11 " 5 " | 11 " 5 " | R. G. Clapp, Yale. | 1899 |
| Throwing 16-lb. hammer | 8 | 3 | | | | | | | | | McCracken,<br>Hare,<br>Boal,<br>Brown. | 144 " 1 " | 149 " 5 " | J. C. McCracken, Pennsylvania. | 1898 |
| Putting 16-lb. shot | 5 | 2 | | 1 | 3 | | | | | | McCracken,<br>Glass,<br>Brown,<br>Boettger. | 42 " 1-2 " | 43 " 8 1-2 " | J. C. McCracken, Pennsylvania. | 1898 |
| Total points | 57 | 28 | 22½ | 11 | 10 | 5 | 5 | 3 | 1 | ½ | | | | | |
| Bicycle meet | | | | | | | | | | | Yale, Princeton, Georget'n. | | | | |

* World's record, held jointly by Wefers and John Owen, Jr.
† World's record.
§ Tied for fourth place and divided the point.

CHICAGO'S general excellence on the track assured her of victory so soon as the quarter and the hundred yards were decided. Of these events much uncertainty was manifest, though of the remainder the outcome was less in doubt, and Chicago was fortunate in having all her men in top form, and in being able to win by certain if scant margins. Her best performer is unquestionably Maloney, whose quarter in 49⅘ sec. at Philadelphia has caused him to be looked upon, both East and West, as a coming man.

At the annual meeting of the Association the graduate executive committee sensibly recommended the separation of the bicycle-races from the regular programme, and that they should be run at another time and under different auspices. The point is certain of acceptance, and the abolition of the mile walk, with the introduction of a two or three mile run, seems reasonable to expect before another season. These conformities to the Eastern order of events will relieve a sadly overburdened and disproportionate programme. And further, it is certainly a fair question whether adding the discus is not putting too much emphasis on the weights. It takes all qualities of men to run the different distances, and proficiency in the jumps is quite a different matter and dissimilar again within itself, but it is very nearly the same kind of gift and development which gets points in all three of the weight events. Powers and many others have proved the possibility of a man developed in one way reaping in a disproportionate number of points. It spoils the symmetry of things.

HARVARD may not win at New London on the 29th, but if not, Yale will have done the fastest four miles crew of hers has rowed these half-dozen years. If all the men in Harvard's boat prove enduring, there will be such a race between the two as we have seen but seldom, and I am frank enough to say that, if no weak spots are disclosed, I should not be surprised to see Yale defeated. This of course is an impression gathered entirely from the work of the crews at their present stage of development.

Nor am I unmindful of Yale's veteran crew, or of the additional fact that the eight men have been rowing together without a change during the greater part of their long training. But there are a life and an alertness in the movement of the Harvard shell which I like, and do not find in the present Yale boat. Moreover, the Harvard boat travels a bit the better between strokes, and there is more emphasis on the catch. Were the two crews to row to day, I should have confidence in Harvard's success.

There are remaining, however, two weeks in which Yale may add snap to the power so obvious in her shell, and if she does, Harvard's chances for finishing first will be very materially lessened; for if it comes to a question of mere power, Yale looks invincible.

Come what may, Harvard is going to be represented by the best crew she has had since that of '85, which defeated Yale so badly. And perhaps the most apparent improvement over recent crews is in the watermanship. This is what the new boating system and the Weld Club have accomplished.

The shell travels better between strokes, keeps a more even keel, and settles less than any I have seen coming from Cambridge. That means, the fastest crew Harvard has had, if the men have the endurance, and can hold together four miles.

MR. STORROW has shown the courage of his convictions by the shifting he has done in the boat, and certainly the improvement on every change has proved the accuracy of his judgment. There can be no doubt that every man now in the shell has been thoroughly tried out, and there are not likely to be any more changes unless one results from an endeavor to secure the benefit of Perkins's strength and experience. He was too big and slow at No. 2, where he was tried, and cannot row on the starboard side, so there remain only Nos. 4 and 6 where he could be utilized. But Tilton is certainly a better, and Bancroft as good an oarsman as Perkins; the one man whom he could replace with profit to the crew, Lawrence, sits on the wrong side of the boat.

Barring sickness or accident, Higginson will stroke, and in some respects he seems to supply what the crew needed; he sets a snappy, even stroke, and moves easily and well, but he has a decided tendency to hang on the full reach, and he slights the final drive with the legs at the finish of the stroke. Largely because of his example the whole eight exhibit the same weak leg-work at the finish of the stroke. If they would hold onto the water longer and push harder on their stretchers at the ending of the stroke, Harvard's 'varsity would be a fast crew. Evans is a decided improvement at No. 2; No. 4 is one of the best oars in the boat. No. 7 is a hard-working, dependable oar; so also is bow. The present order is—stroke, Higginson; No. 7, Sheafe; No. 6, Bancroft; No. 5, Lawrence; No. 4, Tilton; No. 3, Wood; No. 2, Evans; bow, Harding. Substitutes—Endicott, Perkins, Kernan, and Blake.

YALE has the very great advantage of knowing the enduring qualities of her crew, and need have, therefore, no fears as to its standing a bruising four-mile race. There is also the further advantage of the men having rowed together—the majority of them two years, and the entire crew during its training season.

And the Yale crew is a good one and a very powerful one—of that there can be no question. Had it more grip of the water on the catch, more vigor in the leg drive, and more snap in its work generally, no doubt it would be fast. As it is, it is a good average lot, neither fast nor slow, and with the prospect of becoming much better. Inboard the crew is better than outboard; the blade-work needs improvement all round. Nevertheless, the boat travels fairly well between strokes, and the impression given by the eight is that of a powerful one, capable of doing some very fast rowing.

Stroke and No. 7 are not an ideal pair—neither being a naturally easy oar—and No. 8 especially has to make an evident effort to keep his stroke long enough.

The crew averages now 170 pounds—not being, therefore, the "heavy-weight" eight it was popularly supposed to be—and is rowing in the following order: Stroke, Williams; No. 7, Niedecken; No. 6, Allen; No. 5, Brown; No. 4, Flint; No. 3, Griswold; No. 2, Wickes; bow, Greenleaf. Substitutes—Cross, Brock, Greenway, and Mitchell.

Under the coaching of Dr. Gallaudet the crew has been most carefully prepared for its final instruction; and with the assistance of Cowles and Armstrong—all advocates of the old school, by-the-way—we may be sure that whatever is in the Yale crew will be developed.

PENNSYLVANIA was rowing in such finished form in her particular style, two weeks ago, that the care of her coach will chiefly be in keeping her at that point, and in fitting her to the rougher water of the Hudson. There is nothing to add until we see the eight under such conditions; meanwhile all is going well, and the order of the crew remains unchanged—stroke, Gardiner; No. 7, Hall; No. 6, Busch; No. 5, Snover; No. 4, Flickwir; No. 3, Howell; No. 2, Evans; bow, Kintzing. Pennsylvania will go to the Hudson on the 15th.

CORNELL 'varsity has been rowing recently in the following order: Stroke, Robbins; No. 7, Dalzell; No. 6, Beardslee; No. 5, Sweetland; No. 4, King; No. 3, Smallwood; No. 2, Vanderhoef; bow, Hartley. But this is probably not the final make-up, though it is unlikely to be changed materially. Of these, four have before rowed in the 'varsity, and the remainder on one or another of Cornell's several crews. The 'varsity shell is not running so smoothly between strokes this year as last, but Courtney will coach that fault out of the men before they appear on the Hudson (18th), and meanwhile there is satisfying evidence of speed and strength.

COLUMBIA has improved considerably upon the blade-work displayed at Annapolis, the long stroke being now rowed through with much less clipping. But there has been no effort yet made to hit up the stroke for speed, and the capabilities of the crew are, therefore, unknown, except possibly to Mr. Peet. Thus far the pace revealed has not suggested a four miles under 22 minutes.

YALE'S pitcher—Robertson—had his turn Saturday (at Princeton) at losing control of the ball, and though the lapse was brief, it none the less largely aided Princeton to win (6–2) the second game of the Yale series.

Only one man had reached third at the end of six innings, and both pitchers were highly effective and well supported. In the seventh, however, with one man out, Sullivan made a three-bagger, which, followed by Waddell's grounder, fielded to first and muffed by Green, and Eddy's gift of first through being hit, filled the bases. Hillebrand was equal to the emergency, and struck out Robertson; but De Saulles rapped a sharp one to Hutchinson, who, instead of touching third, threw to first, and Green, standing in the runner's way, was run into, and both Sullivan and Waddell scored.

If the seventh inning had been lucky for Yale, it was now to prove fateful. Only one hit had previously been made off Robertson, but in this inning Princeton hammered out three singles, which filled the bases, whereupon Robertson hit two batters in succession, forcing in two runs, and Hillebrand's long low fly over third base brought in two more runs. In the next inning Princeton made certain her victory by other two runs—on a single by Hutchinson, a three-bagger by Kafer, and another error by Robertson, whose gifts to Princeton, all told, made seven bases and two runs, against three he struck out. Hillebrand was at his best, giving only one base on balls, and striking out seven. For the most part, it was first-class baseball. Princeton outplayed Yale, a result not unexpected on her home grounds, and has the advantage of a cool and experienced pitcher. Nevertheless, the chances of the deciding game next Saturday, on neutral grounds, seem to favor Yale.

HARVARD defeated Pennsylvania (7–6) in the second of their series, in a game that furnished excitement for the spectators but disclosed slovenly play by both teams. Through four innings, while Pennsylvania made five runs, Harvard made errors (four) and seemed all at sea. In the fifth, however, Harvard got on a batting streak, and Pennsylvania took a turn at error-making (eight). Harvard made three runs in the fifth and sixth innings, Pennsylvania tied the score in the eighth, and in the ninth his own three-bagger and Fitz's single brought in Dibblee with the winning run. Fitz pitched a strong game. It is remarkable what slovenly ball Harvard can play at times—a tendency which will surely cost the Yale series that opens on the 22d at Cambridge.

*Other baseball reserved for next week.*

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"FUR AND FEATHER TALES."—By Hamblen Sears.—Illustrated.—8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75.—Harper & Brothers

# To Augustin Daly

DIED AT PARIS, JUNE 6, 1899

LET down the curtain. Close the playhouse door.
The hand that ruled doth hold the helm no more.
The voice that called the actor to his best
Is silent, and the tireless man's at rest.

"The world's a stage," the Bard of Avon said,
And spoke his line without the slightest dread,
Because he knew beneath the thought of man
Was One who'd chosen well the guiding plan.

The world may be a stage; the stage is not the world,
Yet there was one whose banner, e'er unfurled,
Defiance bade to all, from year to year,
For that in all he did he was sincere.

God give him rest! His work may be
The subject of both love and enmity.
Yet was he patterned on the goodly plan
Of him who does his best, and rules: a Man!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

# Diary of the Revolt

*Sunday, May 28.*—Lawton returned to Manila from San Fernando. Filipino forces, under General Mascardo, were noticed in the neighborhood of the latter town.

General Otis notified the War Department that the Spanish troops were withdrawn from Zamboanga, Mindanao Island, on May 24, "after battle with insurgents, with severe loss to latter. Spanish loss, nine killed, twenty-seven wounded—among whom was the commanding general Montero, who died from his wounds, and was buried at Manila yesterday. Insurgents used rifles, artillery, and ammunition captured from gunboats, expending major part of ammunition. Conference followed between General Rios, who went from Manila to withdraw troops, and insurgents. The latter stated to him that they would not oppose landing of Americans, but would accept conditions in Luzon. [In point of fact, however, they took possession of Zamboanga as soon as the garrison left.] Spanish troops withdrawn now here; depart for Spain to-morrow. A feeble attack by insurgents on inhabitants of southeastern portion of Negros necessitated sending a battalion of troops from Manila there.... Insurgent falsehoods circulated in southern islands, of overwhelming insurgent victories in Luzon, keep up excitement in that section among the more ignorant classes, although intelligent people know American arms have never met reverse, and they call for United States protection. Have turned over to navy for use on coasts of southern islands a number of purchased Spanish gunboats, from which excellent results are expected."

*Monday, May 29.*—The transports *Ohio* and *Senator*, having the Thirteenth Infantry and several hundred recruits on board, reached Manila.

*Tuesday, May 30.*—Memorial services were held in the Paco Cemetery, near Manila, and the soldiers' graves were decorated. A majority of the head-stones bore the epitaph, "Killed in action," but one was inscribed, "Comrades, he helped us to make this American soil."

The list of American captives in the hands of the Filipinos was increased by two from the hospital-ship *Relief*. Third-Officer Fred Heppy and Assistant-Engineer Charles Blandford rigged a sail on one of the ship's boats and went sailing along the shore opposite the Filipino lines. Some of the natives put out in canoes and captured the two men, who were unarmed. The monitor *Monadnock* sent a boat with a landing-party to their assistance, but the prisoners were rushed into the woods before the rescuers reached the shore.

*Wednesday, May 31.*—After a conference between President McKinley and Secretary Alger, a cablegram was sent to General Otis asking him if he needed a larger force. The enlisted strength of the regular army was about 62,500 men, distributed as follows: In the Philippines or *en route*, 24,000; in the United States, Alaska, and Hawaii, 20,000; in Cuba, 16,000; in Puerto Rico, 2500.

*Thursday, June 1.*—Replying to the inquiry of the Secretary of War, General Otis telegraphed that he was still of the opinion that 30,000 troops would be necessary for the effective control of the Philippines.

General Lawton was given command of the troops forming the lines east and south of Manila, General MacArthur remaining in command of those on the north.

Filipinos occupying the lines around San Fernando attacked the outposts of General MacArthur's command.

Captain Wren of the Seventeenth Infantry completed the enlistment of one hundred natives of Macabebe to act as scouts.

The United States Philippines Commissioners gave a ball at their residence in Manila. This was one of a series of entertainments designed to foster relations of friendship between the Americans and the natives.

*Friday, June 2.*—In order to understand the situation at this time, we must realize that there were three centres of influence on the American side, each of which had to be reckoned with. The commanding general at Manila, with his division commanders, consistently advocated a vigorous forward policy, trusting to this to compel Aguinaldo to accept the terms originally insisted upon—*i.e.*, unconditional surrender. Theirs was the argument of bullets. The civil members of the Philippines Commission consistently advocated the employment of friendly demonstrations and representations, promises, appeals, and entertainments such as we noted in the preceding paragraph. Theirs was the argument of balls. Mr. McKinley and his advisers at Washington inclined to favor the civil element of the commission, yet deferred to General Otis's judgment and placed the responsibility upon him, debating the question of calling for volunteers, even seeming to grudge the few thousands of regulars, and forever anticipating a peace which had not been earned. Theirs was the argument of bullets *and* balls.

*Saturday, June 3.*—An aggressive movement was begun by Lawton against the native forces under General Pio del Pilar. The latter held the territory beyond our lines directly east of Manila, along the northern shore of Laguna de Bay. Here a chain of towns — Cainta, Taytay, Antipolo, Teresa, and Morong—extends across the base of a peninsula which points southward into the lake and is terminated at Devil's Strait. The design was to dislodge the Filipinos whom del Pilar had stationed at or near these towns, to drive them southward into the peninsula, and so pocket this division of the native army.

Accordingly, at five o'clock A.M. a column under General Hall set out from the pumping-station, which lies well to the north of the lake. Eleven companies of the Oregon regiment, six companies of the Colorado regiment, three troops of the Fourth Cavalry dismounted, and one troop mounted, eight companies of the Fourth Infantry, four companies of the Ninth, four companies of the Wyoming regiment, and four mountain guns—such was Hall's force, with its large percentage of volunteers. It was essential to the success of Lawton's plan that Hall should pass rapidly to the east of the Filipino position. Colonel Wholley and Major Haskell, with the Washington and North Dakota regiments and some of the Twelfth regulars, were held at Pasig, west of the chain of towns referred to, ready to advance from this quarter and close the trap. A similar plan had twice been tried in the campaign north of Manila (compare our "Diary," March 25 and April 22), and twice had failed, owing to the difficult nature of the country to be traversed, the opposition encountered, and the Tagálog's marked talent for evasion. And so in the present instance. Four miles out of Antipolo, Hall's column was fired upon from strong trenches high up on the mountain-side, and although the hostiles were driven from this position they kept up a running fight for several hours. The roads were found to be impassable for wagons, and it took seven hours to cover a distance for which the time allowance was only two hours. General Lawton ordered the troops at Pasig to advance about the middle of the afternoon. Cainta was shelled at three o'clock; Taytay was abandoned by its garrison soon afterwards; some of the Filipinos fled to Antipolo and Morong, others into the hills beyond, and still others changed their uniforms for civilian's dress, and passed freely and unquestioned through our lines. During the march four of our men were killed and nine wounded.

*Sunday, June 4.*—Two battalions of the Washington troops, under Colonel Wholley, on board *cascos*, were towed from Pasig to Morong, and landed under cover of the fire of army gunboats. The Filipinos were driven from their trenches in the outskirts of the town, and fled to the hills. Meantime Hall had continued his advance without opposition, occupying Antipolo and being joined by Major Haskell with a battalion of the Twelfth and two battalions of the North Dakota, from Pasig *via* Cainta and Taytay. The line across the peninsula was not quite continuous, though as nearly so as the roughness of the country would permit, when these united commands occupied the town of Teresa, midway between Antipolo and Morong. Transportation was so difficult that some of the wagons and ammunition were burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

*Monday, June 5.*—General Hall's command marched from Teresa to Morong, exchanging a few shots with skirmishers on the way, but suffering principally from the extreme heat. The remnant of the southern division of the Filipino army escaped through the mountains after General del Pilar, dragging their battery by *carabaos* (water-buffaloes) at night. Only a few hundreds were left behind to take their chances of escape by discarding uniforms and disguising themselves as *amigos*. The head of Hall's column reached Morong at noon. Many were prostrated on the march, and the hospital tugs returned in the evening with five hundred men suffering from the effects of the heat.

*Tuesday, June 6.*—Returning from this fruitless excursion, General Hall marched westward, after establishing a garrison at Morong.

*Thursday, June 8.*—The situation was described in the following message from General Otis:

> Result movements Morong province was to drive insurgents into mountains, capturing Antipolo and other towns in that section, with point of land projecting into bay. They retreated and scattered before our advance, leaving twenty-five dead on field; our loss four killed and few wounded, mostly slight. City of Morong on only land route around bay garrisoned; all other troops withdrawn.
>
> Inhabitants of provinces profess friendship; ask protection; large number wish to enter Manila. Refuse, as city population increasing too rapidly. Leading natives throughout island, including active insurgent leaders, seek permission to send families to Manila; considered only place of personal security.

At recruiting stations in New York, Boston, Providence, and elsewhere steps were taken to secure a large number of recruits for active service in the Philippines. This was in compliance with an order from the War Department, dated Wednesday, and reading as follows: "Make all enlistments you can—infantry, cavalry, light artillery, and heavy artillery—for Philippines. Select men. Urgent."

MARRION WILCOX.

# Individuality

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# THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

*This story was begun May 13, 1899.*

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

**Germany covets the Grand-Duchy of Luxembourg, and the massing of German troops on the frontier is followed by the mobilization of two Dutch army corps. By a secret understanding the United States and England have agreed to a joint seizure of Samoa the moment a German soldier enters Luxembourg. An American minister is quietly accredited to the Grand-Duchy, and Gilbert Hardy, a young army officer, is ordered there as military attaché. On the train to Luxembourg he encounters a stranger, and they discover that the personal descriptions in their passports are almost identical. The stranger, who claims to be a Prussian officer named Stanerl von Elbe, thereupon covers Hardy with a revolver, obtains the American's passport, and gives the latter his own. Hardy, mistaken for von Elbe, is arrested at the station and placed in prison. A beautiful woman comes to the barred window of his cell, and believing that she is speaking to von Elbe, professes her love for him, and implores him to leave Luxembourg for her sake. She leaves with him a ring as a keepsake. He is visited by two German emissaries, named Wiepert and Vossburg, establishes his identity, and is informed that the mysterious woman was the Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg. Going to the American Legation, he finds his chum, Victor Osborne, there as First Secretary. After breakfast he sees von Elbe—whom he now knows to be Prince Edric of Prussia—passing, and follows him. Edric, after purchasing some photographs of the Queen of Holland, turns and sees Hardy. They go to Hardy's apartments, and the latter tells Edric of his adventures in prison. He asks Edric to return the ring to the Grand-Duchess. At sight of it Edric becomes much agitated, and informs him that it does not belong to her. Edric tells Hardy of his passion for a peasant girl of Luxembourg, who resembles the Queen of Holland, and of the Emperor's opposition. Gendarmes come to arrest Edric. Hardy puts him under the protection of the American Legation. A scuffle follows. Edric is wounded, and is taken into the care of the Grand-Duchess. Hardy recognizes in Amyce, Countess of Wilverwiltz, one of the attendants of the Grand-Duchess, his midnight visitor. Osborne informs him that he is to resign for a while from the United States service, and to reorganize the Luxembourg army.**

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE GOLDFISHERS.

*Wherein two young people cast bread upon the waters, and one of them thinks to catch the wind in a net.*

I AWOKE shortly after sunrise. Sparrows twittered a pretty subdued chorus under my window; overhead through the saffron haze a skylark winging swung, singing unceasingly. Bells sounded—mellow Belgian bells, chiming for new-born hours.

I opened the window and looked out over silent streets, down the leafy ravine where the Alzette sparkled through still verdure; and the incense of silver dew, exhaling in the first sun-warmth, sweetened every breath I drew.

Tall white viaducts spanned the ravine like arches chopped in snow; creamy towers and ramparts, veiled in the morning dimness, circled the gray-green landscape as a trail of melting frost rings meadow-vales at break of day.

Yet the beauty of it all left me unsatisfied; the chameleon color, the stillness, the frail enchantment, the scented silence, disturbed me. This was not the world; lights were too delicate, shadows too indistinct; the earth itself seemed fragile as crusted pearl inlaid with gemmed grass, enamelled in dainty flower patterns that troubled me all the more because of their perfume. The world is something else—it is rankly aromatic; it is wind and cloud and warm sunshine and the green juice of living leaves; it is bedded oaks and doubly bedded rocks; it is the rush and churning of swift waters; it is the roughened surface of gray lakes; it is the ceaseless swing and surge of seas, rocking forever from pole to pole.

But this land of dyes and tinted skies and silence, this exquisitely formal landscape, dainty, conventional, cunningly wrought with finer reproductions from nature's robust originals, disconcerted me. I felt out of touch with real things; I missed the strong odor of fresh earth and tree roots and healthy unfiltered streams and rotting forest mould.

"I suppose somebody shampooes the squirrels and curry-combs the rabbits out there in the forests," I thought. "Anyway somebody has dusted off the sky and varnished all the buttercups. Oh, this world of Dresden china!"

All day long Osborne sat in his den, busy with despatches, deciphering code messages from Washington and The Hague, copying memoranda, using a type-writer at times, until I objected to the eternal click-click, ting-a-ling scrape! click! click!

"Haven't you anything to do?" asked Osborne, irritably. "I wish you wouldn't keep looking at the back of my head."

"I've something better to do than to listen to your grunts and groans—if anybody should ask you," I replied. "I'm going out. Come on."

Osborne returned to his type-writer.

"Come on," I repeated; "let's do something."

"If you want something to do," he said, "go and inquire how Prince Edric is. You may see the Countess, you know," he added, maliciously.

Now that is exactly what I had been contemplating; but for the first time in my life I experienced a sensation that I had never before suspected myself capable of—timidity.

"Do you suppose it would be all right?" I asked.

"What? Oh, don't get an idea that there's any formality about this court! It's a free and easy aristocracy, and not as impressive as it might be. You'd never know the Duke was a duke nor the Duchess a duchess if the soldiers didn't present arms every now and again."

"Then you think I might present myself too?"

"Why not? In a week you'll be the Duke's aide-de-camp. I tell you, they are anything but formal. As for Edric, he's no longer a German prince."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Edric," I said, laughing, "though we once had a difference concerning a question of precedence."

As I went away down the stairs, Osborne called after me: "I forgot to say that the Duke's tailor is coming to measure you for six uniforms at five o'clock!"

Six uniforms for one aide-de-camp! It was almost enough to clothe the whole army. The cultivated distaste of a United States officer for anything but disreputable uniforms was as strong in me as in the dowdiest old colonel west of the Mississippi. I, who was so particular when in mufti, felt it a humiliation, almost a degradation, to be forced into a decent, tasteful, artistic, and reasonable military dress. It is one of our little Anglo-Saxon hypocrisies to cry "Vanity of vanity!" which is in itself but a sorry sort of vanity.

"Fuss and feathers, gold lace and braid," I repeated, just as I had heard my uncultivated countrymen repeat, "I won't be a guy to please the Duke or his Excellency or anybody else." And I went out into the street, conscious that my civilian wardrobe did me justice!

Before I entered the Boulevard des Curés, where, on the corner of the Rue du Gouvernement, the Hôtel de la Maison Royale stands, I felt little trepidation at the prospect of meeting the Countess of Wilverwiltz. Yet, when I came in sight of the palace, I experienced a distinct desire to stop. And I did.

"Suppose," said I to myself, "that Prince Edric has gently chided the Duchess for coming to the prison—the Duchess, who is absolutely innocent! What a row!"

An old apple-woman wheeled her push-cart up beside me and sold me six apples, which I paid for, and returned to her with a bow. I was quite willing to buy anything to gain time; she missed her fortune that day, poor soul.

"Suppose," thought I to myself, "that the Countess hears that it was I and not Edric who made love to her in prison!"

I took a stroll down the Place d'Armes to gain more time.

"Dear me!" I thought, "if time is money, and I gain time at such a rapid rate, I'll have a surplus in the treasury by evening."

A girl sold me a bunch of corn-flowers, and laughed prettily when I overpaid her. I told her to imitate the saints and shame the devil, and walked into the Rue de Génie to gain more time.

"Nevertheless," thought I, as a child sold me a dozen slate-pencils, "I'm none the richer for my avarice," and I gave the slate-pencils back to the child, and added all my loose coppers to the restitution.

"Little boy," said I, "never do work to-day that you can put off till to-morrow. I never do. And it is singular," I added, "how the work accumulates."

By that time I was in front of the palace again, where two sentinels paraded, bayonets fixed, chin-straps down.

I regarded my future troops with disapproval; then, remembering all the surplus time I had hoarded up, decided to spend a little of it in seeking Prince Edric.

"Not that I care tuppence whether or not the Countess knows I kissed her," thought I, "but it is disconcerting to be snubbed by somebody you know well enough to make love to and not to bow to."

"Fancy," I continued to myself, "people asking me, 'Do you know the Countess?' and my confessing that we were merely on kissing terms."

Thoughtfully, head chastely bent, hands clasped behind my back, I entered the palace court; and, as I strolled, I pondered on that strange encounter in the prison.

There were soldiers about—some sitting on stone benches outside the guard-house, sunlight shining full on their scarlet and blue uniforms, some patrolling the inner court-yards, bayonets fixed. A non-commissioned officer wandered into view, and I went to meet him. We saluted each other profoundly.

"I came," said I, "to visit Prince Edric of Prussia. Will there be any difficulty about obtaining admission?"

"Not that I know of," he said.

"Then I may see him?"

"Why not, monsieur?"

"I suppose it would not be possible to see the Duchess?"

"I don't know why," he replied, placidly.

"Or the—the Countess of Wilverwiltz?"

"Monsieur, you may go where it pleases you and you may see whom you please in Luxembourg," he said, indifferently.

As I climbed the broad palace steps, I thought to myself that when things were reorganized in Luxembourg I'd put an end to informality. The despotism of aristocracy is sometimes envied by those whose republican heritage has become tainted with license.

There were flunkies roaming about in every direction. One of these embroidered adjuncts directed me to cross a grassy inner court to the western wing of the palace, where doubtless the guards would know what was next to be done.

The inner court, bordered by gray arcades, echoed with the music of falling water, where two broad fountains splashed in the shadow. It echoed with something pleasanter, too—the melody of laughter and young voices chattering.

I saw them at once—the Duchess, the Countess of Wilverwiltz, and another, a very young girl with an orange sunshade. They stood close to the stone edge of the southern fountain-pool, greatly interested in the efforts of the Countess, who was attempting to fish for a goldfish with a bent pin and a thread. She had hold of one fat fish, brilliant as a live coal, who floundered and spattered among the lotus blossoms, and wound the thread around stem and root so tightly that the Countess, fairly outgeneralled, could do nothing but hold her end of the thread, while the Duchess poked the lotus-buds with her parasol to disentangle things.

The Countess saw me first, but pretended not to; it was the Duchess who apparently discovered me as I passed the southern arcades.

She did not appear to be surprised; she laughed prettily, and made a despairing gesture toward the fountain.

"Please, Lieutenant Hardy, aid us to reason with this disloyal fish! We wish to place him in the other fountain, and he won't go."

As I crossed the grass and joined them, the Countess glanced up at me with the faintest flush of recognition; but her voice and manner were cool to indifference when I was presented. The very young girl with the orange sunshade was Mademoiselle Bettina d'Yssel, a distant cousin, who still bore traces of convent pallor on her face, and whose very skirts were fragrant with the scent of convent gardens.

"Prince Edric is asleep and quite comfortable," said the Duchess; "but it's time he awaked, and you may go and rouse him as soon as you disentangle our fishing-line."

"And catch that fish," added the Countess Amyce.

I took the line from her gloved hand, and stepped on to the curbed stone rim of the pool.

"Do be careful, monsieur," said the Countess, in a voice that satisfied me she would give every ring off her pretty fingers to see me tumble in.

I had to break off a lotus flower to get the line. After that it was not difficult, and in a few moments I drew the fat red fish up to the fountain edge, lifted it, carried it flapping across the grass, and plumped it into the other fountain, none the worse for the journey.

"Now," said the Duchess, sedately, "we can go for our drive with a sense of duty done—can't we, Amyce?"

"I shall not go," said the Countess Amyce. "I shall catch more fish—unless Lieutenant Hardy has ruined my hook and line."

"I don't see," said the Duchess, "why you would rather fish than drive to the Semois. Still, if you wish—"

"I like to catch things," said the Countess, examining the bent pin, and carefully baiting it with a crumb of bread.

The Duchess watched the process, pleasantly indifferent. I offered to bait the pin securely, and was told that I didn't know how.

"If you are amiable," said the Duchess, smiling at me, "you will come to us at Wilverwiltz next Monday. Do you care for boar-hunting? There are wolf-drives, too, next month. But of course you will come; my husband expects—"

She hesitated, with a significant glance at the others.

"I am to be fitted for my uniforms at five to-day," I said. So she understood that I had accepted the commission as aide-de-camp.

"I understand what you mean, too," said the Countess, without looking up; "it isn't a diplomatic secret, I hope."

"I do so wish to hear diplomatic secrets," cried Mademoiselle Bettina, with an enfranchised schoolgirl's appetite for actualities.

"Come, then; I'll tell you hundreds," laughed the Duchess, encircling the young girl's waist with her left arm, and nodding brightly to me as she turned away.

"Do you wish me to come?" asked the Countess, dropping her bent pin into the water.

"I don't know," said the Duchess, coloring a little; "I thought—in case you were not coming—Bettina and I would take a dog-cart and drive to the chase."

"And bring the Duke back with you?" asked the Countess, carelessly.

"If he has finished shooting," said the Duchess. Two rose spots glowed in her cheeks; she spoke indifferently; yet for a moment I saw in her blue eyes the shadow of a sorrow too hopeless for such young eyes.

So she went away over the grass, her arm clasping the sashed waist of the enthusiastic convent maid; and they entered the north colonnade, where footmen and flunkies stood in a stiff row, awaiting the behest of her Highness.

"Prince Edric's apartments are in the east wing," observed the Countess Amyce, without looking up.

The dismissal was certainly abrupt; I said what I should have said, a trifle stiffly perhaps, and turned towards the east wing.

"I don't believe he's awake," said the Countess, apparently to herself.

I hesitated.

"So you'll have to awaken him," she observed.

I moved on.

"Unless—" she continued.

I stopped.

"He's already awake," she added, maliciously.

I grew unpleasantly warm to the ears, perfectly conscious that I had been made ridiculous.

"Sometimes those who are awake need rousing most," I said, quietly.

She looked up with an innocent air of wonder.

"How quaint! It's an Eastern proverb, isn't it, Lieutenant Hardy?" she asked, moving her line gently to and fro in the limpid water.

I fairly ground my teeth.

"Suppose," she said, after a moment's thought, "that I should ask you a favor; what would you think?"

"May I hope for such fortune?" I replied, quickly, forgetting my resentment.

Her dark eyes rested on me; then she lowered them, saying,

"Fortune is a slave to the wise and a master to the stupid."

"But a man once planted pebbles and raised roses," I said, laughing.

She nodded gravely: "And pricked his fingers with the thorns. I have heard about that man."

She lifted her hook from the water; the bread crumb had been nibbled off. She permitted me to rebait the pin; I moulded the crumb on firmly and lowered it again into the water, offering her the string.

"You may fish," she said. "You are so wise and full of proverbs about fortune—has fortune been so kind that you celebrate her in proverbs?"

"Fortune is like one's sweetheart: if you neglect her to-day, do not expect her to be kind to-morrow."

"What constancy!" she said, apparently lost in admiration. "I could never be fortunate."

At that moment I caught a goldfish, lifted it, squirming, and dropped it into the other fountain.

"Let me—now!" she said, capriciously, taking hook and line and holding out the pin to be redecorated. My hand brushed the tips of her gloved fingers.

We stood there quite silently, intent on her still line, watching the plump, lazy goldfish nibble discreetly, and then wiggle away among the lotus stems.

"The favor I ask," she said, abruptly, "is not a personal one."

"It is to me—because you ask it," I said.

Perhaps this displeased her; I don't know. At all events, she remained silent so long that I began to feel uncomfortable. And I have no doubt she knew it.

Once or twice we nearly caught a goldfish, but both times the bread came off, and I drew up the pin and repaired damages.

"I suppose," she said at last, "that you have heard rumors of a slight estrangement between the Duke and the Duchess of Luxembourg. I speak of this because you are soon to be his Highness's confidant and aide-de-camp."

"Yes," I said, simply, "I have heard of it."

"From whom?"

"I don't remember."

She smiled, with a little gesture of approval.

"That is delightful! A man who doesn't remember has a career before him."

"Discretion is the alphabet of diplomacy," I said, much pleased with myself. Why on earth is it a man always prides himself on the quality he does not possess?

"Yes, discretion is the first law of success," said the Countess, gravely. "It was discreet of you, for example, to say that you had heard of trouble between the Duke and the Duchess."

I turned red and set my teeth. This was simply intolerable. I had been flouted to my face with a ridicule impossible to resent openly.

"It is this nice balance between justifiable discretion and useless secretiveness that inspires a woman's confidence," she continued, thoughtfully.

My face was burning; nevertheless, I looked at her steadily and said:

"If I am unsuspicious of others, it is perhaps because I am not inquisitive. I see no reason to conceal from you that I have heard it said the Duke and the Duchess misunderstand each other."

"That is exactly it," she said, quickly; "they do misunderstand each other. And I am going to ask you to watch every chance to influence the Duke. You can do it; I knew it as soon as I saw you. You are the kind of man he likes—men who are human and unspoiled—men who can spend all day prowling over malarial marshes after snipe—men whose household gods are bit and spur —men who have likes and dislikes, and whose hearts are open pages for all who choose to read."

"In other words, a tactless, well-meaning idiot!" I said, stung to the quick. "Doubtless I will suit his Highness to a T."

"You are very sensitive," she said, flushing. "You don't understand the compliment I pay you. Women find men who are adepts in that woman's weapon diplomacy a trifle unsexed and unworthy."

It was wonderful how her words could alternately sting and soothe. Again my resentment vanished, and I promised her that whatever I could do, if an occasion offered, I would do to influence the Duke as she desired.

"He is so young—about your age," she said; "he is obstinate and tactless, and horribly sensitive, although, like most sensitive men, he has hidden a finer nature under a selfish materialism. He seeks his pleasure in his hounds and wolf-drives, when, if he dared acknowledge it to himself, he'd give the head off his shoulders to be with his wife."

The delicate color in her cheeks deepened; earnestness and animation filled her eyes, and her voice too, with a sweetness irresistible.

"I say this to you," she said, "because you are the man to say it to. I knew it when I saw you yesterday. I am so glad you are to be his aide-de-camp. If you reform the Duke as well as I know you can reform the army, you may ask for what you will."

"From you?" I said, smiling.

"Oh, I am only Countess of Wilverwiltz," she replied, carelessly; "the Duke confers honors."

"There are honors," said I, lightly, "worth striving for. I have already received two, unmerited."

"And what may those honors be?" she asked, her eyes very bright.

"The honor of your confidence—the honor of receiving your commands," I said, looking into her eyes.

She stood silent, with that indefinite smile hovering near her parted lips.

"I am convinced you mean what you say," she said; "it was gallantly spoken for a courtier—it is the more to be prized from a soldier."

Then, with a return to the faintest mockery:

"Sincerity is so strange a visitor—one scarcely knows how to value it in these brilliant days of truth's decadence."

"I have noticed no decadence where I come from," said I.

"There!" she exclaimed, laughing; "I knew you were a celestial visitor—an angel of grace; and I'm quite prepared to believe that heaven is all you say it is! Be an archangel of common-sense to the Duke; make him new regiments, buy him new cannon, and teach him that the Duchess is a mistress worth the adoration of a lover—a wife worth the confidence of a husband."

"And keep Prince Edric away," I observed, carelessly.

Taken by surprise, she betrayed herself, and the next moment was furious for having done so. But she was not foolish enough to attempt evasion, although even as she spoke I saw that the wonder had not died out in her eyes—the utter amazement that I should suspect anything concerning the Prince.

"Yes, and keep Prince Edric away," she said, slowly. "I don't understand how you know what you appear to know, but it is evident you are well informed."

"Yes," I said, "I am well informed."

I placed one foot on the stone curb of the fountain, and resting my elbow on my knee, looked down at the goldfish. She also bent over the water; our reflected eyes met in the pool; then she looked away.

"What do you know?" she asked, presently.

"This," I answered: "that the Prince is in love—but not with the Duchess. If she for a moment supposes herself in love with him—and it is dangerous for a young wife to suffer a husband's neglect too long—she will learn very quickly that Prince Edric never had the faintest spark of that sort of love for her. This is brutal to say, but it is the truth."

"Yet he came here—for her sake," said the Countess, quietly.

"No. He came for another's sake."

"The old story of the peasant girl!" she said, scornfully.

"Yes, the old story of the peasant girl—the old, old story—Love."

The Countess laughed a little laugh that said, "Oh, you are so young—so distressingly naïve!"

"No," said I, "it is you who are deceived this time. I affirm it on my honor as a soldier—I affirm it on my honor as the man who has been doubly honored with your confidence and commands. The Prince has never dreamed of such a thing."

"And suppose I should affirm that he had declared his love for the Duchess?" said she; and again the carmine stained her cheeks and her eyes grew brighter.

"Listen!" I said, speaking distinctly, yet almost inaudibly: "You, Madame la Comtesse, are generous, impulsive, fearless, and—a little fond of the excitement of mischief—"

"What!" she cried.

"I beg you to listen—I beg you not to be offended. This is too important, and I must say what I have to say."

"With all the tact natural to you," she replied. "I beg your pardon."

"Tact or no tact," I said, "it is better for me to go on. And I wish merely to put a hypothetical question: Suppose that your dearest desire was to reconcile a young wife and her husband? Suppose that young wife, stung by neglect, tortured with misunderstanding, tried to find relief in making herself believe she could become interested in another man? Suppose that other man appeared in the vicinity, and was thrown into prison—"

"Prison!" echoed the Countess, nervously.

"Suppose the young wife went to him in prison—"

"She did not!" cried the Countess, crimson and pale by turns.

"Went to him," I continued, serenely, "and confessed she loved him, and gave him a ring—"

"This is ignoble!" said the Countess, with unconcealed passion and wrath flashing from her dark eyes. "If Prince Edric told you this—"

"He did not!"

"Who did?"

"Listen!" I said, almost impatiently: "I am presenting a hypothesis. But there is a better hypothesis than that, and it's this: Suppose the young wife's friend—you, for example—knowing that the man was in prison, should take it upon yourself to go and see him?"

The Countess, pale and breathless, stood motionless, staring at me, her hand clinched and pressed tightly to her hip.

"Suppose," I went on, "that—you, for example—but *only* for example—believed that the Prince might return after his release, and that the young wife might again be in danger? And suppose you, believing this, decided to assume the character of the young wife and impose on jailer and prisoner? And suppose you, for the sake of the young wife, permitted the prisoner to believe you loved him, and then appealed to him as a man of honor never to see you again?"

"Yes," said the Countess, in a clear, low voice, "I did this thing."

"I know you did," I said; "and that is not all. Because you are generous and loyal you went there; because you are young and daring you enjoyed it; because you love mischief and are a consummate actress you produced a scene that was a masterpiece. By your cleverness you apparently made it impossible for an honorable Prince to return to the Duchess; by your daring and exquisite appreciation of mischief you punished him for his apparent presumption. You did missionary work, and did it so that it was palatable to yourself."

Trembling with anger, the Countess faced me.

"If Prince Edric thought I was the Duchess, and told you—he is a scoundrel! If Prince Edric knew me through my disguise and paid me in my own coin, he is clever.

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But if he told you what you know, he is a dishonorable man!"

I said: "Will you accept my word of honor?"

She waited a moment, then nodded.

"Then I say to you that Prince Edric did not tell me."

"Who told you?" she asked, steadily. "Giroux?"

"Giroux thought you were the Duchess; you know he did. Not only was he certain that you were the Duchess, but he believed absolutely that his prisoner was Prince Edric."

"What do you mean?" whispered the Countess, eyes round with horror.

"I mean that the prisoner was not Prince Edric; I mean that Prince Edric has no idea that you or the Duchess ever entered that prison."

I thought for a moment she would faint; her pallor was frightful; but she steadied herself and swallowed desperately.

"So," I said, "you see that Prince Edric does not love the Duchess, nor does he dream that she thinks she cares for him. There is nothing to fear from him; he is absorbed in his own affairs. As for me, I will loyally second your efforts to bring husband and wife together; and if God wills it, it shall be done."

I bowed very carefully and stepped back a pace or two. The utter misery in her lovely face sent a thrill of remorse through me; I would have given my right hand if I had not kissed her in prison—I'd have given my head before I would have lost the memory of that kiss—or the chance to punish her.

"Who was—was the—the prisoner?" she stammered. "He told you this; he is a scoundrel!"

"I'm afraid he is," I said, remorsefully; "but I promise you that he will never tell another soul. And you know I keep my word."

For a full minute she leaned against the fountain-rim, looking at me. Then a terrible light flashed up in her eyes; she faced me swiftly, so close that I breathed the subtle perfume of her hair.

"It was you—in the prison," she panted—"you coward!"

At the word I simply turned cold to the tips of my fingers. When I could speak I said, slowly,

"That is not the word to use, Madame la Comtesse." I added, my anger scarcely under control, "You may thank yourself for what occurred!"

"For what occurred," she said, in a white heat, "you shall pay dearly, monsieur."

"I have paid dearly already," I said, soberly; for the hate in her eyes hurt me as nothing had ever hurt. "My bitter punishment is your anger; your punishment is far lighter—it is self-reproach—and I do not think you will be too hard on the Countess of Wilverwiltz."

Troubled, irresolute, I began to pace the greensward; she stood as though changed to stone, but her beautiful angry eyes followed me as I turned, retraced my steps, and turned again.

At last I resolutely came back to the fountain, and told her, as simply as I could, how sorry I was, how I regretted the folly that drove me to mischief, how hopeless I felt that she might ever come to forgive me.

And even as I spoke I could not help but remember the touch of my lips on her hair; and perhaps she divined that I could not regret all, for the red blood mantled her face and neck, and there was no mercy in her eyes. But her voice was like velvet when she said:

"The world, monsieur, is very small. Pray you keep as far away from me as God's measurements permit."

"Nevertheless," I thought, angrily, as I walked away toward the eastern colonnade, "I shall neither leave Luxembourg nor renounce the beginning of my career for you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# *Major Diggles*

When General Lawton was well advanced on his memorable twenty days' march toward the second insurgent capital at San Isidro, a reconnoitring party which he had sent out was attacked by Filipinos near San Miguel de Mayumo, and its commander was mortally wounded while gallantly leading his men. His death occurred at Manila on May 26. This commander was Arthur M. Diggles, Captain of Company B, First Infantry, N. G. S. M., Major Thirteenth Infantry, United States Volunteers. It should be recorded and always remembered that in the most aggressive movement of the campaign, in the spring of 1899, he fell at a point twelve miles nearer the goal than that which Lawton himself, with the main body of his troops, had then attained.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 18, 1855, Mr. Diggles was graduated at St. John's Military Academy, Sing Sing, New York, in 1886, and took a course at Yale University. He received his commission as Captain in the First Minnesota Infantry on March 10, 1891; volunteered for military service in the war with Spain; was mustered in May 7, 1898, as Captain in the Thirteenth Minnesota Volunteers; was commissioned Major on May 13, and after two months' recruiting service rejoined his regiment at Manila on September 2. His participation in several engagements prior to that at San Miguel had established his reputation as a brave and efficient officer. As a mark of respect to his memory, the national flag was displayed at half-staff at the armories of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

# *When a Man's Thirty*

## A Comedietta

BY CLINTON ROSS

*Dramatis Personæ:*

Tom Landon.
Bertie.
Priscilla Dalton.
Dolly Blunt.

Scene.—*A conservatory at* Mrs. Van Mercer's. *Entrance R. Divan and seats. Waltz music.* Priscilla *and* Tom *on a divan.*

Time.—*Thirty minutes.*

*Priscilla.* I didn't think it ever could be like this. You know, I didn't care particularly for you the first time I saw you.

*Tom* (*fervently*). I thought you, Priscilla, the jolliest girl I ever laid eyes on, from the very first.

*Priscilla.* Now, Tom, was there never anybody else?

*Tom* (*after some moments*). Never anybody—in the same sense.

*Priscilla* (*drawing away from him*). Oh, but there was, then, somebody in some other sense! Who were they?

*Tom.* What's the use?

*Priscilla.* I don't think we should have any secrets from each other.

*Tom.* And you, Priscilla?

*Priscilla.* Do you doubt me? A man must take me on faith. [*Coldly.*

*Tom* (*after some demonstration*). It seems to me that "on faith" really should work both ways.

*Priscilla* (*after a moment's silence*). Were you ever in love with any other girl so that you thought you couldn't live without her, and in such a way that you would be miserable forever if she weren't around? That's what you said to me. Now wasn't it, Tom dear?

*Tom.* Shall I say it again?

*Priscilla.* Oh, well, that's evasion—just evasion—that's all. You are not frank. You don't dare to be. Now tell me. The way matters have turned, we should have no secrets—should we, now?

*Tom.* No, of course not. Well—

*Priscilla.* Ah, well—there was somebody, then—somebody?

*Tom.* Priscilla, when a man's thirty he must have a bit of a past, so far as girls go. One would be scarcely human if he hadn't. You wouldn't care for me if I hadn't.

*Priscilla.* Ah! the man I care for must have no past—that I am not in.

*Tom.* But, you know, we have known each other scarcely six months.

*Priscilla.* But still, if you hadn't met me, since you have said that we were made for—predestined for—each other that really should make no difference.

*Tom* (*after deliberation*). But man is weak, you know, and there are people predestined for each other who never meet—and even marry other people.

*Priscilla.* But we have met—now! That's the difference. Now you must tell me, Tom dear; it's only fair.

*Tom* (*lightly*). Now if you were a widow, I should care for you just the same. What if I were a widower?

*Priscilla.* Your wit isn't very good. (*After a moment.*) That would be different. The matter with me is that I couldn't bear to think that some other girl could say, "She's taken him, and I threw him over." Oh dear no, I couldn't endure that, Tom! But that isn't all: it's just that since we are as we are toward each other, we shouldn't have a secret from each other. You should tell me all. [*Tragic intensity.*

*Tom.* I will—to-morrow.

*Priscilla.* Ah, there's something to tell—is there?

*Tom.* Yes, I believe there is.

*Priscilla.* Tell it.

*Tom.* This is no place. When I call to-morrow—

*Priscilla.* It must be now. I never could wait—never!

*Tom.* Priscilla!

*Priscilla* (*after a moment, in a strained voice*). Well, Tom?

*Tom.* Why are you so different from what you were a few moments ago?

*Priscilla.* You ought to know.

*Tom.* Is it that you care for me so little as to let a suspicion come between us? If that is so—

*Priscilla.* Well, if that is so? (Tom *hesitates a moment, glancing at* Priscilla, *and wondering if he dare put her to the test.* Priscilla, *insistently.*) Then there is something?

*Tom.* Yes, there is. I thought it better not to tell you. But you have insisted.

*Priscilla.* Yes, I have insisted. You have been as horrid as other men, then?

BETWEEN THE ACTS
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are clean—all through. They are made of clean material and in a clean manner. There is no feature of the process of making them that would not please the most fastidious smoker. Perhaps you have thought that all so-called "little cigars" were alike because they look alike. There is a great difference; however, in favor of "Acts." Send 50c. in stamps and let us send you 50 to try; you will like them, and they will save in cigars what they cost five times over.

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1899- 35th -1899
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Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

*Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.*

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Real Estate, | $2,009,684.43 |
| Cash on hand and in Bank, | 1,510,090.17 |
| Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, | 5,785,923.99 |
| Interest accrued but not due, | 261,279.62 |
| Loans on collateral security, | 1,182,327.64 |
| Loans on this Company's Policies, | 1,175,489.24 |
| Deferred Life Premiums | 324,697.95 |
| Prems. due and unreported on Life Policies, | 251,120.97 |
| United States Bonds, | 14,000.00 |
| State, county, and municipal bonds, | 3,614,032.58 |
| Railroad stocks and bonds, | 6,658,373.37 |
| Bank stocks, | 1,066,122.50 |
| Other stocks and bonds, | 1,462,300.00 |
| Total Assets, | $25,315,442.46 |

LIABILITIES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, | $18,007,596.00 |
| Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't, | 1,399,372.80 |
| Present value Instalment Life Policies, | 507,044.00 |
| Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, | 430,101.55 |
| Losses in process of adjustment, | 220,243.33 |
| Life Premiums paid in advance, | 35,267.68 |
| Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., | 110,000.00 |
| Special Reserve, Liability Department, | 100,000.00 |
| Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest, | 400,000.00 |
| Total Liabilities, | $21,209,625.36 |
| Excess Security to Policy-holders, | $4,105,817.10 |
| Surplus to Stockholders, | $3,105,817.10 |

STATISTICS TO DATE.

Life Department.

| | |
|---|---|
| Life Insurance in force, | $97,352,821.00 |
| New Life Insurance written in 1898, | 16,087,551.00 |

*Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $ 1,382,008.95 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 14,532,359.52 |

Accident Department.

| | |
|---|---|
| Number Accident Claims paid in 1898, | 16,260 |
| Whole number Accident Claims paid, | 324,250 |
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $ 1,254,500.81 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 22,464,596.75 |

Totals.

| | |
|---|---|
| Returned to Policy-holders in 1898, | $ 2,636,509.76 |
| Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, | 36,996,956.27 |

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
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*Tom.* In the first place, Priscilla, I don't believe a girl has a right to ask a man the question you have put to me. Isn't it enough that after he knows her she is the only girl? (Priscilla *holds her face averted.*) A man who isn't like that isn't worth a nice girl. But what he has done before meeting her he has an excuse for. That, at any rate, is my theory. A poor theory, you think. Since you think so, I must do as you wish. You seem inclined to imagine everything—to suspect everything; so I will tell you everything. (Priscilla *trembles a little.*) When I was nineteen—that's eleven years ago—I met a girl at a Junior german, to whom I was engaged three months.

*Priscilla.* Tom! You kissed that girl?

*Tom.* I was engaged to her, Priscilla. But there was another—

*Priscilla.* Tom—Mr. Landon—another!

*Tom.* Well, that affair was off after about two years. She married—

*Priscilla.* What's her name?

*Tom.* I don't think I ought to tell you that. It isn't fair.

*Priscilla.* Well, go on—the other?

*Tom.* That engagement extended over seven months.

*Priscilla.* Ah, that engagement!

*Tom.* Oh, there was one more.

*Priscilla.* Oh, was there?

*Tom.* That continued for two years and a half. She was a widow.

*Priscilla.* Well—well?

*Tom.* That's not the worst.

*Priscilla.* Is there more to be told?

*Tom.* Since you asked me to tell you all, Priscilla, there is. The fourth serious affair I had was with Mrs.—well, say "Mrs. Blank."

*Priscilla.* Oh, Tom, Tom—I mean, Mr. Landon—you flirted with a married woman!

*Tom.* We contemplated an elopement, but decided that it was not for the best. I see her—frequently.

*Priscilla.* Oh, you do—you do?

*Tom.* I think that's all.

*Priscilla.* I should think that's quite enough. I have—I have you to thank for your very great frankness.

*Tom.* But, Priscilla—

*Priscilla.* I think it would be as well if you didn't call me "Priscilla." It has all—been—a mistake—a mistake. I didn't understand you, it seems.

*Tom.* Priscilla!

*Priscilla.* I have asked you—

*Tom.* What, Priscilla dear?

*Priscilla.* Not to address me as Priscilla. Stop, or I shall cry.

*Tom* (*trying to take her hand, but she pushing him away*). Why, didn't you see—don't you see—that I wasn't in earnest; that I was only jollying you?

*Priscilla.* I consider it a weak kind of joke. Oh, Bertie (*who enters, R.*), your dance, certainly. Yes, of course—

*Bertie.* You know, Landon, you mustn't appropriate Miss Dalton entirely.

*Tom* (*ignoring him*). You won't forget my dances, Prisc—Miss Dalton?

*Priscilla* (*distantly*). Did I promise you another? I am ready, Bertie.

[*Goes out on the arm of the triumphant* Bertie.

*Tom.* What an ass! Now I was just trying her. She might have known. But there are some things you can't say to women—under certain circumstances. Oh, I'm such a fool—such a blanked fool! Well, well! Oh, hello! (Dolly Blunt *at door*), there's Dolly Blunt. I must talk to somebody. My dear Miss Blunt—

*Dolly* (*taking a chair*). Oh, how d'ye do? I'm so glad to see you for a moment away from Priscilla Dalton.

*Tom.* Oh, I say—

*Dolly.* Priscilla is such a pretty girl.

*Tom.* I think so.

*Dolly.* Oh, I know you do; that's evident.

*Tom* (*trying to change the subject*). Freddie Murton is going to lead next week, isn't he? (*Desperately.*) Oh, I hear you are to be at the Brilton's, in Far Westchester, over Sunday? So glad. If the country only keeps open we shall get some golf. Ah, there's Mrs. Sam Townley. Looks well, doesn't she?

*Dolly.* Sam married her for her money. I wish she wouldn't wear such hideous gowns. You know, Sam was engaged to—oh—hm—you know—

*Tom.* Well?

*Dolly.* You know, Sam and Priscilla were to be married.

*Tom.* Ah?

*Dolly.* You didn't know, I suppose. I believe it was before you met Priscilla. But they were both so poor it was declared off. Didn't you ever hear that?

*Tom.* No, never. Oh, I say, this dance is over. I have the next. Awfully sorry, you know.

[Dolly, *theoretically a handsome girl, practically never attractive to man, walks out, R.* Tom *pauses.* Bertie *and* Priscilla *appear in door.*

*Tom* (*advancing*). You know, this is mine—one of mine. (Bertie *bows himself away.*) Confound that fellow!

*Priscilla.* Yes.

*Tom.* You are sorry that it is?

*Priscilla.* I think that we are experienced enough to bear it out—for one dance. I think we'd better omit the other.

*Tom.* As you prefer—quite as you prefer. (*After some moments of strained silence.*) I have something to say. We might sit here.

*Priscilla* (*fidgeting*). Well, Mr. Landon. Oh, isn't this house overheated?

*Tom.* I don't know, I'm sure. The fact is, Pris—Miss Dalton—I wanted to say that I have found out that you were right. We were mistaken—in each other.

*Priscilla* (*in a low tone*). I am glad you agree with me.

*Tom.* As for the stories I told you, they were just made up. I wanted to know what you would say.

*Priscilla.* You know—now. I hope you are satisfied.

*Tom.* Quite.

*Priscilla.* Mr. Landon—

*Tom.* Since I have heard of your affair with Sam Townley—that is.

*Priscilla* (*flushing*). Ah, I know. You've been talking with Dolly Blunt. She detests me. There isn't a word of truth in it—not a word.

*Tom.* I haven't asked for an explanation. You asked for my past. You didn't give me a word of yours.

*Priscilla.* What an odious creature Dolly is!

*Tom.* Oh, I don't know.

*Priscilla* (*fiercely*). You probably like her.

*Tom.* There's only one girl I ever could have liked—very much.

*Priscilla.* One of those?

*Tom.* They never existed, I've told you. That girl is Priscilla. But that's over.

*Priscilla* (*suddenly laughing*). Tom, I don't like you so well as I did a little while ago—if those stories are really lies.

*Tom* (*looking at her*). I thought you weren't going to call me Tom any more.

*Priscilla* (*demurely*). When a man's thirty he ought to have had some experience.

*Tom.* Perhaps I have—perhaps I have.

*Priscilla.* Ah, perhaps you have. Then they were not all lies?

*Tom.* Nor all truths, Priscilla. But Sam Townley?

*Priscilla* (*her head bent down*). I suppose we flirted—a very little.

*Tom* (*drawing nearer*). But it was all before we knew each other.

*Priscilla.* Tom!

*Tom.* Priscilla! [*The dance music stops.* Bertie *enters, R.*

*Priscilla* (*starting up*). Oh, you know, Bertie—can you ever forgive me? I've made such a mistake. This was promised to Mr. Landon.

CURTAIN.

## *The Wards of the Nation*

MR. BLUMENSCHEIN'S picture on the front page of this number of the WEEKLY represents the result of the first stage in the effort of a paternal government to make good Indians by other than the time-honored process of weighting them with lead. No descriptive text can convey the good that results from the government's Indian schools throughout the country so well as a glance at the contrast between the primitive native and the neat, tidy children returning to the ancestral palace. Original sin may be ineradicable, but education seems in a fair way to remove the aboriginal kind from our first instalment of the "white man's burden." The vision of a Macaulay might see, several centuries hence, the last of the Filipinos and Sulus abandoning the hostile weapon and the inexpensive tropical wearing apparel for government food, clothes, and instruction.

## *Conquering a Desert*

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It looks like a country from which all life had departed forever; yet men come into this region with all their belongings, and proceed to fight the desert and drive it back, mile by mile. To make and maintain irrigation-ditches, to sink wells and bring water from the mountains, is the first and most important farming operation.

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